

T. 10. 66.

A NEW  
ACCOUNT  
OF  
SPAIN:  
BEING

A Description of that COUNTRY and PEOPLE;

And of the SEAPORTS along  
the *Mediterranean*: Of *Centa*, *Tangier*, &c.  
With a New and exact Map of the City  
and Harbour of *CADIZ*.

To which is added,

A Large Preface concerning the Establishment of the *Spanish* Crown, on the  
DUKE of *ANJOU*.

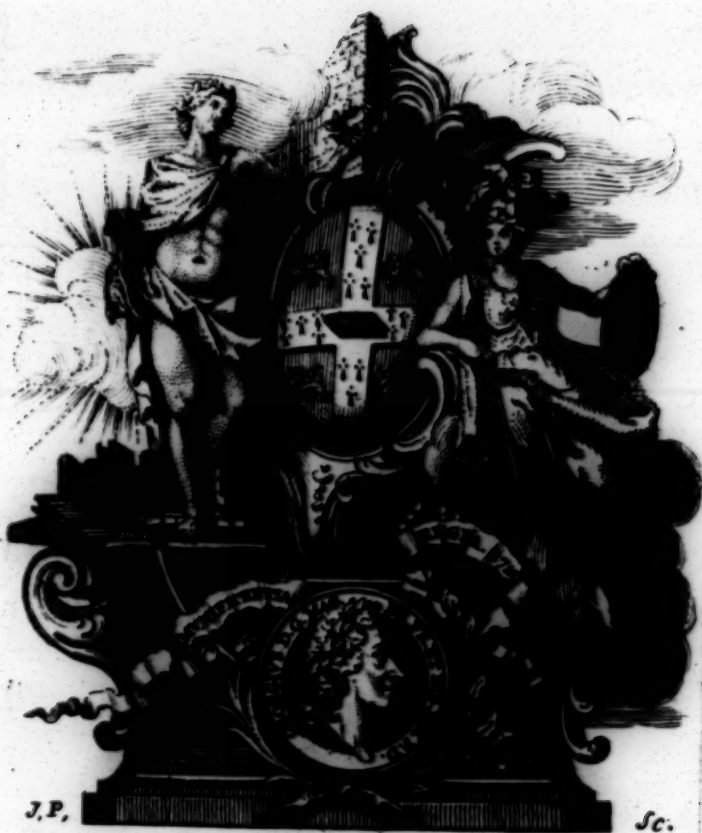
---

LONDON,

Printed for *John Chantry* at the *Pessle* and  
*Morter* without *Temple-Bar*, 1703.

00.01

UNIVERSITY  
LIBRARY  
CAMBRIDGE



1757:13



---

TO THE  
Most Noble PRINCE  
**HENRY**  
DUKE of NORFOLK,  
*Earl Marshal of England.*

One of His Majestys most Ho-  
nourable Privy Council,

Knight of the most No-  
ble Order of the Gar-  
ter, &c.

May it please your Grace,

**T**HE following Letters con-  
tain some general remarks  
of what happen'd in the *English*

A 2

*Fleet,*

*The Epistle Dedicatory,*

*Fleet*, that was sent to the *Mediterranean* toward the latter end of the last War ; with some observations of the posture and disposition of the *Spanish* Nation as it then stood. The Account is not so particular as it might have been, I wish something more had been said of the History and Politicks of that People, that it might have been more seasonable for this present juncture, when the eyes of all the World are pointed to that Empire : But to make amends for that Omission, I take every thing in it to be very justly describ'd, most of it having occur'd to my own experience, and to the Knowledge of all the Curious in that Voyage : And as I can affirm the Account to be just, so there is little or nothing said that ever has been mention'd by any other Author.

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

I have form'd it into a Book for your Graces perusal, and am happy that I can lay it at your feet in a time when your confinement at home by a troublesome pain, and sometimes your want of Company gives you leisure to read it over: And tho' I know your Graces Palate to be exceeding Nice in all sorts of reading, yet I am not more discourag'd at that, than I am animated with your Goodness and Indulgence.

The opportunities I have had of your Conversation were very fortunate to me: by them I had the Honour of being known to your Grace; By them I have been present at some of the Politest Discourses that I have met with, and by them I have, of consequence, refin'd my own Capacity; and I can't chuse but say, I was astonish'd  
to

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

to hear the first Petr of England, whose Nobility has been of late years less Curious of these finer Studies, talk so well. My next thought was, (may my Lord pardon me) that if the Duke of Norfolk were stript of all his Titles, and cou'd come upon the Square to converse with such as me, there is not a Man on earth whose Society I shou'd so much covet: But in the pleasure of that thought I forgot my distance, not considering that Nature, as well as the scituation of your Birth, had put so great a Bar betwixt you and me, that like the Sun, you can't be look'd at, but with the Clouds between. My Lord, I was born with an antipathy to flattery, and I hope, I have said nothing that can be so understood; I'm sure I wou'd avoid it if I knew where it look'd like it, but in your  
Graces



*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

Graces Character, 'twould be hard to say too much, and it is the World's unhappiness not to know you as well as I do.

I am at a loss, My Lord, how to acknowledge the Honours I have already receiv'd, and nothing but your Permission cou'd make me sin again by laying this trifle under your Patronage: but when I consider'd the Curiosity your Grace has for Books, and the particular inquiries you made of the Country here mention'd, I thought I had a fair occasion of putting your Name before this, which I hope will give you some satisfaction: I wish it were in my Power to cover something better than this Imperfect Account with your Illustrious Protection, but 'tis the Debtor's curse to be always in Arrears, and I don't know how to offer your Grace any thing

*The Epistle Dedicatory*

thing that will not want a blush to  
hide it : But your Grace is often  
exercis'd in Acts of Clemency, and  
'tis but the habit of your Goodness  
to Pardon. The Contemplation of  
that Vertue gives me unspeakable  
pleasure, therefore with the greater  
assurance I address this Book, and  
with profound humility remain,

*Your Graces*

*most Dutiful Servant,*

*E. L.*

---

---

T H E

# PREFACE.

**T***His Year will be famous in Chronicle for the Death of the two greatest Monarchs in Europe, the Pope, and the King of Spain; and of one who might have been as great as either, the Duke of Gloucester; whose short life has been as much lamented, as that of any young Prince who was ever born with a relation to the English Throne: But for the first that I Nam'd, one wou'd think he had prevail'd with Nature to allow him a few Months longer than his Natural Lease, on purpose that he might live to see the end of the*  
*a Century,*

## The Preface.

Century, and to perform all the sacred Ceremonies of opening the year of Grace ; that he himself might hammer down the Gates of Eternal life, to be sent up to Heaven on the Wings of a Million Jubilee indulgences of his own granting : The good Old Man is now with the Conclave of the Fathers, shut up in the limbo of everlasting darkness, and bound up with the rest of that gang to be try'd at the last day, as well as we. The other liv'd till he had lost all hopes of an Heir, and when he found he cou'd raise no posterity to take his mantle from him, he left it to be scrambled for by them that can catch it, just in such a distracted manner, as a better Man did once before him, that is, to him that best deserves it ; and 'tis more than I expect if this late Monarch of Spain has not by his Will laid a Foundation for a War of as Menacing



## The Preface.

nacing consequences, as that Macedonian did, when he bequeath'd the World to him who had the longest Sword, and the best Army. This Saint of a King is now laid down in the regions of Night, and his Death has left all Europe as much in the dark, as he himself now lies in the Royal Pantheon. The amazement that the World now stands in, is, because he has Nam'd the Duke of Anjou his successor, who in all probability will be invest'd with that Empire, and for ought I see, there's no opposition made against him.

I hope our Politicians who are of another Opinion will not be offended with me for saying so, especially when they shall hear that I am, as much as they can be, against the Crown of Spains falling into the House of Bourbon; But since there's so little stir among those Powers who are most

a 2            concern'd

## The Preface.

concern'd against it, I can't foresee what interruption the young King can meet with.

I wish with all my heart the Emperor and the Princes of Europe wou'd look about 'em before it be too late, before the Scepter is put into his hands, and the Court of Madrid sworn to their allegiance; for when once that is done, and the Duke upon the Throne, taking upon him the Name of the Catholick King, and the Administration of Publick Affairs, and making himself esteem'd by his People, by Acts of bounty and insinuating Declarations, it will be a harder matter than we imagine to dispossess him of it. There is not upon Earth a People more tenacious of what they have once resolv'd than the Spaniards are, nor fonder in all the observations of their Duty to their Kings, whether Dead or Alive: And  
if

## The Preface.

if they can be perswaded to think well of the present establishment, I know their Nature to be such, that they'll stand by him to the loss of all that they are worth : And since this Book is so far concern'd in the Description of that Country and People, it will be expected that something shou'd be said of the present posture of affairs, tho whatever can be said must be purely but matter of Opinion, and a blind conjecture of what may, or may not happen.

And here it falls into our way to inquire whether the greatest part of the Nobility and Populace of that Kingdom, are pleas'd to have upon their Throne a Son of that Family, that for many Ages has been in Arms against 'em, always the rivals of their fame, and the invaders of their Provinces : One wou'd think it strange if they shou'd, for several reasons ; First,  
because

## The Preface.

because of that invincible antipathy in their Natures ; Secondly, because he comes upon a wrong Foundation, he having renounc'd all right and title ; and his breach of that vow denoting him faithless and never to be trusted ; not to mention the affront put upon the memory of their great Minister De Haro, by making such a jest of that solemn League. Thirdly, because in all their Histories they have no Example of a French King, who was King of Spain ; it being the interest of their own State, as well as that of their Neighbours, to keep France on the outside of their Frontiers : With many such reasons as might be produc'd : But to Answer E Contrario ; we know that the Arch-Duke was pitcht upon for Successor some considerable time before the Kings Death, and that the Succession of the Crown was so intirely invested in him,



## The Preface.

him, that there was no manner of Provision made for the French Line: Of this settlement the Court was well satisfy'd, and there was no other interest made in Publick, nor any Heir talk'd of but He who was already Nam'd: Thus it continu'd a long time before the King dy'd, and might have done so still, but for a zealous hot-headed Church Man, who by being so near the Kings Conscience had opportunities of Cajoling him which way he wou'd.

This Cardinal being by some means or other brought into the French faction, whispers the King with the injury that wou'd be done to France, if the succession was given away from her, and that there was no right (notwithstanding the treaty of Saint John de Luz) but what was absolutely in the Children of that Marriage: The Pious King more afraid of doing a thing that hazarded the Health of his  
Soul,

## The Preface.

Soul, than consenting to a project that might undo all the Countries round him, listen'd to the Cardinal and gave him hopes of succeeding.

While this was depending at Madrid, measures were concerted elsewhere for the safety of the rest of Europe, by preventing the Crown of Spain from falling into any one Monarchy, whether that of Germany or France. The Watchful Guardian of England, was at the head of that project, and the States of Holland being every way guided by so good a Pilot, follow'd him into it ; Then having agreed upon terms according to the most reasonable way of securing the Peace of Europe, they propos'd those terms to France and to the Emperor : France, doubtful of his success at Madrid, consented to what was offer'd him, and seeing no probability of getting all, he was glad to be content  
with

## The Preface.

with a part : The Emperor on the contrary, well assur'd of his right, and not doubting but his Son wou'd be declar'd Successor, refused to ingage in that partition, which was the dismembring of an Empire one day actually to be his ; and in this assurance he stood out to the last.

But now comes the great turn, the unexpected Catastrophe of the Spanish Policy. The Cardinal Archbishop engages for the French, and being of great credit in the Court and with the Credulous King, he forms a Confederacy to help him to turn the stream into that Channel ; and in the very moment of Death, when the King was given up to contemplations of another Life, and was willing to forget every thing that might bring back his mind to earth again, this Spiritual tempter came in with a Will of his own making, and told the King plainly, that he wou'd not send him to Heaven, till he had revok'd his

## The Preface.

*first Will, and Sign'd that : The good King now upon the Verge of Life, consents to any thing rather than not be absolv'd; and so to release himself, he has bound us all to more terrible circumstances than those he was to endure in Purgatory. The Will was then sign'd for the Duke of Anjou, and when he had done that, the Cardinal told him he might die when he wou'd; So he shut his eyes, and departed.*

*Now I wou'd fain know what this Gigantick Will is that looks so big, and Bullies the Empire of Germany out of her Right and Title : Is there force enough in such a piece of Writing to put by the Heir from his possession ? Can the Arch-Bishop of Toledo make a King of Spain in defiance of Leagues and Inheritance, by his Office he invests the King with the Regalia, but what is that to the making of a King ? Or is the Crown of Spain so precarious, that the King himself  
can*



## The Preface.

*can give it away at his pleasure to the right or the wrong, as he thinks fit? I don't remember any History of a Successive Monarchy that can produce an Example like it. Queen Elizabeth, a little before her Death was very much prest to Name her Heir, not that she cou'd make him an Heir that was not so already, but because there were several pretenders that made their claims, and this was an expedient to prevent animosities and parties among the People: Accordingly the King of Scots was declar'd the immediate Successor, who afterwards came in, and all England were happy in him. This was another matter: Here was no invading the rights of others, here was no bequest made of the Crown, nor a Legacy that cou'd not be countenanc'd by Justice and the consent of all the Laws: The King of Scotland was the invincible rightful Heir, and there has not been a Sovereign on the Throne of England of a fairer Title, and not*

*b 2*

*many*

## The Preface.

many of so fair, so that this Example gives this circumstance no advantage; for tho' this Will had bee considered, made and sign'd in the time of the King's Health, 'tis beyond all controversy, that it cou'd do the D. of Anjou no Service, when he has no other Title to support him.

But there has been so much said of this by others, that I shall mention it no more, and I shall say as little as I can of any thing that I have read elsewhere, tho' it is hard on such a Subject to escape the same Arguments which have been used before.

It concerns us now to reflect on the Establishment of the Succession, as it stands at this time, and to see what remedy we have left us to help ourselves, if there be occasion: We are all sensible it won'd be a dreadful thing to see the Scepters of F. and S. United into one Hand, and if so, why not into one Family? Have the Ancestors of this present French King  
been

## The Preface

been more faithful in keeping their Leagues than he? I believe not, and I remember formerly to have seen a Book, Call'd An Account of the Contraventions of France; that made out, that all the Leagues and Alliances whosoever made with F. have been to all Intents and Purposes broke, when she had opportunities of bettering her self; and that it was a Maxim there (as all particular Countries have particular Maxims) to make their Covenants with such reservations to themselves, as to be at Liberty to evade 'em, when they cou'd get more by such a breach, than the terms of the League came to: And if their Ancestors have been so perfidious, why may not their Posterity? For my part, I expect nothing but universal War in Europe, even in our Days, to set up an Universal Monarchy; and 'tis plain, we all have reason to apprehend it, seeing the ballance of power now absolutely broke; but whatever becomes

## The Preface.

becomes of us in the beginning of this Century, 'tis certain there will be most fatal Changes before the end of it: Perhaps he who now sits upon the French Throne, may not live to do the World much more mischief than he has already done, yet he who shall succeed him, may follow his Example, in his perfidy and contempt of Treaties, and as he sees opportunity, work by easy degrees the intire inheritance of Spain, into their own line, never to be interrupted.

But why may not this alteration be made in our Days? Whoever considers the weakness, the Effeminacy and Dejection of the Spaniards at this time, will think it no hard matter. They who have read the Story of the Erection of the Roman Empire out of the Roman Commonwealth, have found, that tho' that was a Republick, supported by the bravest Spirits in the World, Compos'd of a People rigorously fond of their Liberties,



## The Preface.

berties, and had lasted in that form for 6 or 700 Years, with an invincible abhorrence of all Kingly Government; yet 'twas all too little for Cæsar, who by one Step after another brought it out of that form, and rais'd it into a Monarchy, and when he had done that, he made it hereditary to his own Family.

The Design was very great, but nothing was too great for Cæsar; he had a powerful Army to back him, and an Exchequer to distribute to those he found necessary to his Design.

The King of F. will have to do with a People already Degenerated to the lowest pitch of Infamy, and while he has so good an Army without, and so much Money to give away within Doors, What may he not do when he sets about it? And that the Spanish Nobility will be Corrupted, is no hard matter to make out: Else why such Zeal and Obstinacy for a Prince

## The Preface.

Prince so far out of the way, as the D. of Anjou was? Why such an imposition upon the easy King, as the forcing a Will upon him, which he refus'd to Sign till he was threaten'd with Damnation? Why such impatience for the bringing the Young King to Madrid? Why such fulsome Hyperboles as De los Rios at Paris every Morning Salutes his New Master with? Why such Largesses to be scatter'd among the People? Not to mention any more, 'tis apparent that all the measures they take tend directly to create a Title, and not demand it: And indeed his Policy in this is very Machiavilian, for he knows the Title is a Foundation, upon which it were ridiculous to depend, and therefore what he wants in that, he'll make out in Ostentation and Carresses: Then, when the Scepter is settled as he wou'd have it, and the Genius of Spain, made conformable to that of France, then 'twill be too late

## The Preface.

too look out; then, in good earnest (as the Spanish Ambassador said in a Compliment) The Pyrenees will be melted down, and the Barriers between the two Kingdoms utterly taken away. And this carries me to consider the only Objection of Force which can be admitted; namely, That the D. of Anjou will enter into the Customs and Manners of Spain, Rule altogether by their Politicks, and forget that he was Born a Bourbon. But however probable this may seem, let us not deceive our selves; 'tis a dangerous Trial, and not to be trusted in the Hands of one descended from a Race of Kings, notorious for their Apostacy from all the bonds of Honour and Alliances.

'Tis ill Policy to trust a Pirate with our Marchandize, who has so often plunder'd us already; or not to make a Metaphor of so literal a Truth, it will be a Melancholy Reflection, to think, that all the Commerce of the World shall be at the pleasure of two consenting Monarchs, the Grand-Father and the Grand-Child.

Here I shall be interrupted—But what harm can that cause us, if the D. of Anjou stands up for an interest of his own, and renounces the Ties of Blood to depend entirely upon himself?

Suppose he does so, which, for Arguments sake we'll grant: But when he Dies, and it is again in the power of France to give a King to Spain, Why may it not be question'd, whether he who then sits upon the French Throne, won't as soon make himself King of Spain, as make the D. of Berry so,

c

considering



## The Preface.

considering the right was first in him, or in the Elder Blood? To me it does not at all seem unreasonable: for now it cou'd not be done, because there is a Force in Europe to awe him, as long as the English and Dutch stand together: But that such a thing may happen hereafter is more than probable; for by that time there may be changes in other Governments; England may want such a King as she now has: Holland may want such a Stadtholder to head her Army, and an English King to Unite the English and Dutch powers, and make 'em act together: By these means the two Nations, most able to keep up the Ballance, may come to be divided between themselves, and who shall then oppose what violence may be offer'd to make F. and S. one? Nor is this a trifling Supposition. When the Lords and Commons of Denmark fell out among 'emselves about Prerogatives, the King took advantage of their quarrels, and while they were rivalling each other, he stept over 'em both, and made himself Absolute, and his Government independent of 'em, which else he never cou'd ha' done. The parallel is good in t'other: For when the two Ballancing Nations come (as they oft have done) to clash one with another, What Enemies will be able to confine France? Germany will not then be a Match for her; the Emperor has no Naval Force to contend for the Sea: The Northern Crowns have little to do with it: Italy can do nothing, 'twill be more than she can do to save her self, and in  
this



## The Preface.

this perplexity, what can be expected but absolute uncontrollable Dominion, not to be confin'd? And let not the distance of these Events make us negligent now; they may be certain, tho' they are remote; and the Children of the next Generation may have reason to Curse us for suffering a Prince, whom we had so much Reason to mistrust, to get into his Hands and the Management of a Crown that ought never to be annex't to that of France.

To what extremity was Europe reduc'd by Charles the 5th. till Francis the first stopt him! 'Twas well there was a Prince then in being, who had Strength and Courage to check his great Successes, and to keep down his swelling Empire from such a prodigious impostumation. Till then he had met with nothing that oppos'd him, or he Conquer'd all that did: And 'tis past dispute, that he wou'd ha' made himself universal Emperor, if he had not been interrupted by this Rival King: There he found his good Fortune to fail him; there the God of War, that had given him so many Victories, held up the Standard of his Enemy against him, and overthrew that Favourites he had so long espous'd; so that, from that time, to his abdication of the Imperial Diadem, he found every thing go backward with him; and lest he shou'd live to see himself stript of all that he had got, he withdrew from the World, before the glory of his Arms was quite departed from him, and in a humour, left the Empire to his Son, who lost it fast enough.

## The Preface.

But if we turn to the comparison upon France, the Event will not be the same: for if France be so formidable of her self, what will she be, when the Sea Ports of the Bay of Biscay, the Atlantick, and the Mediterranean; when the Mines of America, and the richest Islands of the World, shall be added to her? Nor can the Emperor do much to hinder him. The Turk is ready to divert him, whenever France has a mind to put 'em by the Ears; England and Holland may be engag'd in Emulations of their own; and if these shall not be at leisure to oppose him, where is that Power in Europe, that can Face him in the Field, much less upon the Ocean? I hope this needs no proving; every one can Prophecy the Misery of such a Reign, if ever it comes to pass. Nor can it be suppos'd, that when a King of France is got to such a height of Power, he will descend from it, as Charles did; for as long as the Posterity of this House will be in being (and that may be to the end of the World, for they are a numerous Issue) there's too much Ambition in their Natures to give away their Laurels while they are able to keep it.

But perhaps this may never happen; perhaps, as we said before, the D. of Anjou will prove more a Spaniard than a French Man: Well, be it so; I wish it may: But will not the King, whether it be his Grand Father, or his Father, resent such a Defection? Most certainly they will, and if in his New Government he acts any thing

## The Preface.

thing in contrariety to the interests of that wherein he was Born, How easy will it be to set up the Elder Brother against him, especially since Renunciations go for nothing, and so take him down from that precarious Throne, which he holds but by their Favour.

Or on the other hand, suppose the D. becomes a good Spaniard. The time may come when He or his Heirs may have a right to the Succession of France: Can it then be thought, that he who is in possession of so wealthy, so vast an Empire, will surrender it to another, because the Will has so ordain'd it? 'Tis absurd to think it; and he'll be so far from quitting such a glorious So'vraignty, that the Spaniards themselves will help him to recover his Right, and be proud of the occasion of aggrandizing themselves, by having the reputation of giving their Monarch another Empire.

This Article must be easily granted, for the D. has left a Declaration behind him to secure his turn in the Succession of France, as one of his Ancestors did before him, who was made King of Poland: The Story is eminent in the French Chronicle, which saies, That when Henry the Third was elected King of Poland, he left behind him a Specification of his Title; and when the Crown devolved upon him, he stole out of Poland, and came to France to claim it, which was allowed him, and he was thereupon King of France.



## The Preface.

Be how it will, as near as we can guess at the uncertain dependances of futurity, the result of this present Establishment, must be unhappy one time or other: And by how much the longer the D. of A. is in possession, so much the greater will be, either his Power, or the Power of France, according as he acts, either for his own, or the interests of the other.

What then is to be done? There the wisest Politicians are at a loss: Our cautious King fell upon the only Method to prevent the Calamities we are to dread: And he had so far Establish'd it, that if he had to do with a Man of any Faith or Honour, we had been secure by those Measures he had form'd. But as the King of France has broke thro' all ties of Treaties and Leagues, there is nothing hereafter to be trusted to his Word, and that being forfeited, we must of necessity be always in Arms to watch him.

I wou'd be far from advising the People of England to a War, who are but lately come out of one, which cost 'em so much: But surely there is something to be consider'd for our own security, if France be now intriguing for an Union of the two Crowns. I must confess, 'tis more the Emperor's business than ours to call him to Account, for he is positively affronted by having the Arch-Duke Post-pon'd of his Right; but let it be his never so much, 'tis ours so far as to oppose the conjunction of F. and S. with all our Vigour; that's undeniable.

But



## The Preface.

But besides that, What can the Emperor do of himself? His Country is so unhappily situated, that nothing can be like it: For Spain is not only a great way from him, but France interposes so directly between 'em, that it is impossible to come at any part of Spain, but thro' F. And one wou'd think, that as Nature had contriv'd the Pyrenees to keep Spain out of the power of France, so she had giv'n to the French the power of keeping out every Body else: By this unfortunate situation, it will be hard for the Emperor to do much in Spain, or, indeed, in Italy, unless he can out-bid the K. of F. for marching of his Men thro' the Grisons.

But to make amends for this Misfortune, the Emperor has an Army not inferior to that of France; some of his Veteranes being the best and oldest standing Force in Europe; and if he had Ships to Transport 'em thro' our Channel, and a good Fleet to second him, he might bid fair for the Bay of Biscay, and the Straits.

But this will be practicable at no time, but at this very juncture: For if the Young King, who is going to his Throne, has leisure to ingratiate himself with his People, and to bony up the Concurrence and Hearts of the Nobility, his Grand-Father, who has been used to that sort of Traffick, can put him in a way how to do it, and help him to Money into the bargain. To prevent this, it ought to be the consideration of all Europe, especially the Emperors Duty, and the Princes of Italy

## The Preface.

Italy, and next Ours, and Holland's to look about us.

That there shou'd be always a strong Fleet at Sea, every way superior to the French, is absolutely necessary; and that to be under the conduct of the Renowned Orford, so successful in our own Channel, and so belov'd in Spain: If this be not done, and by such a neglect, we give France the opportunity of Triumphant every where over us, How dismal will it be, to have these things issue in an Union of these two Monarchies, and to so formidable a Power as France already has; to see a Dominion of Thirty Eight Thousand Miles in circumference in all parts of the Globe Allied, if not added to it.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

CHICAGO

North Point & Fort  
St. John

UNIVERSITY  
OF CHICAGO  
CAMBRIDGE

Bay of Bulls

St. John's River

Fort St. John  
St. John's River

LUZIA







---

A N  
A C C O U N T  
O F  
S P A I N,

---

In several Letters.

---

L E T T E R I.

---

My Dear Brunet.

**N**othing cou'd give me greater satisfaction than the Commands you honour'd me with at parting : My own curiosity agrees so well with yours, that I find double pleasure in obeying you; for while I am contriving to gratifie your Desires, I am indulging my own. And when I write to the generous Brunet, I do't with the greater complacency in my self, because I know I am to stand before a Judge, who will not too severely censure my imperfections : I remain indebted to your Clemency, for several favours which are yet unacknowledg'd ; and I consider that I am running into a new Score before the

B

old

old be paid off, like a Bankrupt who has nothing to afford for his Difability, but Thanks and Gratitude : However I'll venture a little further on your good Nature, and with the same assurance that I rely'd upon't in our former Correspondences, I begin my Narration.

When I left *St. Maloes*, I embark't on a Danish Ship that was bound for *England* : The Port where we Anchor'd was the same where the Royal Armado of that Country then Rode. It fell out very opportunely for my Design, that I should come there at that juncture; for the Day after our arrival, there was an order for all the Squadrons to Sail, and immediately the Signal was made by halling home the foretop-Sail Sheets. As soon as I came a shore I shifted my Cloaths, and having furnished my self with the habit which their Sailors wore, I chang'd the form of my dress, and disguis'd my self as like one of them as I cou'd : You may remember that I had been Master of the *English* Tongue a great while, for I had formerly been in *London*, where I resided four Years, and had in that time acquir'd so much of it,

it, that I cou'd express my self perfectly in whatever I had occasion to say: This was of great use to me afterwards; and even at first I might have met with some difficulty if I had given them any jealousy of my coming so lately out of *France*, by being destitute of it. But I was now provided against all suspicion; for feigning my self a *Hugonot*, (which is a sufficient pass for a *French* Man among these credulous People) I got admittance into company of some of the Seamen; and having easily persuaded them, that I had been a sufferer for my Religion, and that I fled from the rage of the Persecution, they become fond of me to such a degree that it had almost prov'd a quarrel among the several Competitors who courted me to ship my self among them, which of them should enjoy my company. These sort of People are stubborn and quarrelsome, apt for all manner of mischief, turbulent and hard to be subdu'd, and highly jealous of their affronted Honour, for they have a notion of something which they take to to be a point of Honour, which amounts to no more than this, That

B 5

every



every one thinks himself a better Man than his fellow. The dispute which they had about me was of this kind, every Man courted me to himself, and each oppos'd the other.

I who was not yet well enough acquainted with the nature of these fierce Islanders, was at a loss how to behave my self among them on this nice occasion: I saw plainly if I shou'd determine in favour, or in prejudice of any of their Persons, by seeming to prefer one to another, Civil Wars wou'd have ensu'd. But after some consideration, I believ'd the only way wou'd be to let them know that I had already resolv'd how to dispose of my self, to give them every one thanks for their kindness, and to unite all their differences by concluding in favour of none of them, but to assure them, that I had long ago intended to ship my self upon the Admiral (of which I had heard great Fame) and was then come to enter my self Aboard. The Speech which I made to to this purpose had like to have undone me; for I forgot to change my stile, and they began to find out that I did not talk like a Sailor. This bred



bred a Mutiny<sup>l</sup>, and I was going to have a Council of War call'd upon me, when an Officer passing our Room, heard the noise and came in, Demanding the cause of this uproar, every one stood up and wou'd undertake to tell him the Adventure; then from one end of the Room to to'ther there was such a general din, that I verily thought I had been in one of *Quevedo's* Visions, and that I saw the Devils going again to macerate the poor damn'd Traitor *Jedas*. The presence of the Officer put at last an end to their Fury, and away they march't.

This Gentleman was a Lieutenant, of the very Ship I look't for, who inquiring whence and what I was, I gave him the same account I had done to my Companions, only adding, that I had formerly liv'd in a better Capacity, but was now reduc'd to circumstances of great necessity; and having some insight into Navigation, I cou'd not dispose of my self better than into the service of a Prince, who had fill'd all the World with the Fame of his Arms.

The Gentleman might perceive by the manner in which I spoke, that I had not always been so wretched as I now seem'd to be, for I did it on purpose to prevail with him for good quarter, and he very civilly assur'd me, he wou'd distinguish me from the rest of the Crew. Then he took me with him, and appointed me conveniences better than I cou'd in reason expect.

One might think, that he who had seen the lofty Navy of *France*, could not be much transported with what he saw in any other Country; But I can't forbear acquainting my Dear Friend with what amazement I beheld this glorious Show. Never was the Bosom of the Sea insulted by such a Fleet, never was so Magnificent a Pomp. Oh *Brunet*! 'Tis inconceivable and above description: Let it suffice that all the Kingdoms of the Universe come infinitely short of *England* for the Strength, Number and Beauty of their Shipping. 'Tis true, our present glorious Monarch has done wonders that way, but trust me Friend, 'tis all but Pageantry to this.

Soon

Soon after my Embarkment, I gave my self up to consider of every thing I saw round me: To speak of all that pleas'd me, wou'd run me into such confusion, that I shou'd not clear my self a great while. I beheld every where matter of sufficient contemplation; but that which struck me with most wonder, was the surprizing *Britannia*, the Ship wherein I entred my self, and the Capital of the whole Navy. To describe this noble Structure, wou'd be a Task of immense difficulty; In all the fabrications I had seen, I never met with any thing came near her. I know what Opinion you at home have of your own Power, but be assur'd from one who was well acquainted with the Naval Force of *France*, That she bears no proportion to this, neither in Number, Fabrick, Ornament, nor Discipline; tho' I confess, it may be said with some justice, That the *Rising Sun* (which was once the glory of the Gallick Fleet) had many excellencies to make Her remarkable; but when She stands in comparision with the *Bratannia*, it may be said the Kite is compar'd to the Eagle: Not that I want Ceremony for



my own Country; but that my Opinion in this, and every other particular may be impartial, I shall all along speak my mind as if I had no interest in the one side or the other.

The Signal for Sailing being made, one might behold in this Ship a Thousand Hands at work in an instant; such a multitude loaded her Decks, that her strong Floors groan'd with the oppressing Weight, and seem'd to bend beneath it: There appeared in every Face such an alacrity, and in their Hands such readiness, that I cou'd not chuse but be delighted with it.

Our Anchors being up, we made Sail, stretching over to the Coast of *France*, and standing towards *Brest*. Here it was that I began to feel some reluctance for what I had undertaken, for I found there was a design of attempting something against that Harbour; and it griev'd me to the Soul, that I shou'd be constrain'd to take up Arms against my native Country. I had not been long in this apprehension, ere I perceiv'd the Squadrons to part several ways: That wherein I was, and two more stood back again to Sea, and the remainder stay'd behind  
and



and ply'd upon the Coast. This relief'd me from my Fears of Fighting against my Country, but I was not a little mortify'd, that the *English* and *Dutch* shou'd thus Lord it in the Channel, and drive us under the Protection of our Harbours. It was now rumour'd that their Design was against *Brest*, both by the Course they Steer'd, and by the great preparation which was made for a Descent; They on the other Side had early Intelligence of the Design, and were so well prepar'd to receive 'em, that when the *English* landed, expecting little or no Opposition, they soon saw their fatal Mistake, and that they had now besides all the Castles and Forts, a huge Army to Encounter. This was the most deplorable Enterprize that ever the *English* undertook, and it was almost a pity to see so many miserable Souls run headlong to their Destruction, which they themselves now easily saw, but had not power to avoid. This memorable Exploit is known by the Name of *Cameret-Bay-Fight*, and will be Famous to all Posterity for the bloody Execution, and for the Death of the most Renowned General *Talmash*, who was one of the first  
who

who fell. Our Squadrons, which now made up a Fleet of about 40 *English*, and 20 *Dutch*, besides small Frigats not in the Line of Battel, Fireships, Store-ships and Tenders, chang'd their Course as soon as they were out of Sight, and stood out for the Main, and we all jump'd right in our Opinions that we were going to the Straits.

At this time our *Toulon* Fleet had been Bombarding the Coasts of *Spain* in the *Mediterranean*. *Malaga* and *Aligant* and some other Places had already felt the fury of their Bombs, and *Barcelona* was to be the last Scene of their Hostility; and by the way I can't chuse but admire the wonderful Intelligence our Master keeps in these Foreign Courts; for he had long known of this intended Voyage, and not caring to hazard his weaker Fleet against the best of his Enemies, he sent Orders to his Admiral before *Barcelona* to dislodge. And what is very remarkable, the *French* withdrew from thence the very same Day the *English* hoist'd Sail in the Channel: 'Twas a Masterpiece of Care so soon to foresee this Storm, and to prevent it; for had they surpriz'd them

at

at Sea, the Consequences might have been fatal.

Our Voyage (I speak of the *English*) went prosperously on, without encountring any extraordinary Adventure: Some Prizes the Cruisers brought in, but I think our Country-men made sufficient Reprizals on 'em in all parts of the World. In twenty Days, or thereabouts, we came within sight of *Cales*, and there another Squadron, commanded by a Rear-Admiral, join'd us: This last Squadron was the remainder of that commanded by Sir *Francis Wheeler*, who was Drown'd at the back of *Gibraltar*, by that terrible *Levant* which cast away His and Thirteen other Ships, and dasht 'em into Pieces: This Gentleman was of great Reputation for his Skill and Courage; but I don't know what can be said for the First, after so notorious a Mistake as he made of the Land; for at the close of the Evening he perfectly saw the Shoar, but he mistook his Marks, and thought he had been to Leeward of the Hill, when he was to Windward; and that cost him his Life, and the loss of many good Ships, both Men of War and Merchants.

We



We were now 70 Men of War in the Line of Battle compleat, besides innumerable other Vessels of inferior Order, which made in all a glorious Appearance.

The *Spaniards* were alarm'd at this stupendous Navy, because they had never, in their Opinions, seen any thing much better than their own.

We had not been long cruising off the Island, e're the *Spaniards* got ready what little force they had, which consisted in all but of Ten Ships of War and Two Fire Ships: With these they joyn'd us, and a great many Complements we receiv'd from their Guns, which our General Answer'd.

Of these Ten there were but Three or Four that were fit for Company, the rest were such Hospitals that they were a scandal to the Navy: And though they had been Five Years in fitting out these, and boasted to the World what a power they would bring; yet after Six days sail, most of 'em were disabled, and they could hardly crawl under their Crutches up to *Barcelona*: However, at their Return, they fail'd not to give out, that it was for fear of them that the *French* ran away,  
and



and the ignorant People, who have a high Conceit of their own power, believ'd all that was said. 'Tis a ridiculous Story to tell, how they were exalted with this Summers Expedition, they verily thought the whole Navy of *France* was not able to Encounter their Ten Ships ; and though they came home Crippl'd and Maim'd, because indeed they went out so, yet nothing could undeceive 'em , but that it was the bare appearance of their Ten Ships that set the Enemy a running , and scour'd the Sea. When we came up to *Barcelona*, we found the Rode clear, and no Marks of an Enemy but what they left with their Mortars. We Anchor'd, and it was some satisfaction to us to see that we were now in a part of *Spain*, that cou'd acknowledge the benefit they receiv'd by us, and that we were welcom'd a-shore as the Friends and Protectors of *Catalonia*.

There being nothing to be done here, we stay'd a-while to water and divert our selves , and then prepar'd for our Return ; and by the way we put in at *Alicant* , to see what devastation the *French* had made, and perhaps every one but I was mortify'd

at the sight. *Malaga* fared not much better ; but because I intend not this as a Journal, I shall make haste to *Cales* , which was appointed for our Winter Quarters , and say nothing of *Barcelona* , and the other places we touch'd at, till next Voyage.

After some time of Abode and Conversation, the *English* and *Spanish* grew more familiar : Our General and the Governor had interviews of Ceremony, and every thing tended to a good Understanding. Our Ships were laid up, and every man began to be idle.

In this Interval of Ease, when all the World was at quiet, and War set aside till the Return of the Spring, pleasure was all the study of the Fleet : Every Captain had now his House and his Mistress a-shore, every Seaman Surfeited with good Wine and fresh Provision, and his short Allowance-money bought him a *Spanish* Whore and a Clap : Above all, our Noble General liv'd in great Royalty at his House, which a Don bestow'd on him for his use and diversion, as long as he stay'd : He kept a plentiful Table, and began already to amaze the thrifty *Spaniards* with

with that Excess and Profusion which every day appear'd on the board. But when the Fourth of *November* was drawing near, which is the Birth-day of the King of *England*, there was such an Entertainment talkt of, as hardly was outdone by any of the Gluttonous Emperors, who are Chronick'd for their Luxury. I shall presume so much on your inclination as to be a little particular in this description; for it made so great a noise all over the World, that you must needs hear on't, but perhaps not know any thing of it, but as you had it in gross.

On this great Holiday the General intended to Entertain all the *English*, *Dutch*, and *Spanish* Officers with a Dinner and a Bowl of Punch, to Celebrate the Birth of his Master, and to keep up that Amity that was between themselves: It was already rumour'd as an extraordinary thing; and believing there might be something in't worth my Curiosity, I crowded in to see it, and I can assure you I was so strict an observer of all that pass'd, that nothing escap'd me, nor shall I relate any thing



thing but what I really saw with my own Eyes.

The Feast was in every respect beyond what I could imagine ; and if I had not been a Witness to every singular transaction, you might perhaps doubt the truth of what I am going to tell you.

There were Four Tables spread in all: At the First sat the General, the *Spanish* General, and Vice-Admiral: The *Dutch* Admirals, and Two or Three men of Quality besides ; At another Table in the same Room sat all the *English* Merchants of the Neighbouring Towns ; At the Third which was without, were all the chief *English* Officers to the number of a Hundred or thereabouts, and in the adjoining Room the inferior Officers. I never beheld greater plenty at any Feast I had seen at *Paris*, nor sent in better order : There was such variety of every thing that was in season, that one might have said, the Lakes had been drain'd of their Fish, the Air had been strip'd of its Fowls, and the Fields of their Cattel ; That the Vines had been unloaded for Wine, and all the Gardens in the Province plunder'd for Fruit : The vainest Epicure

cure cou'd hardly ha' nam'd that thing that was wanting ; and in short, I never saw a more beautiful Confusion: Every Element had some share in't, and I can say nothing greater of it, than that it was a Banquet fit for the generous Giver, and the august Occasion it Commemorated. When Dinner was over, the General rose, and all the Company after him, and the Scene was remov'd to the Garden. When they came there, they found the Punch ready.

I don't know whether *Brunet* is acquainted with this sort of Liquor, but he may guess, when he has heard what the Ingredients are, what an unpalatable Drink it must be. That which they call'd the Bowl, was a large Fountain in the centre of the Garden, shaded with Lemmon Trees, and looking into the Four principal Walks that terminated at the end of the Garden ; Now you'll say this seems a little Romantick, but I do assure you I shall write nothing but what was literally true, at least as well as I can remember. There were in this Fountain-Bowl first of all a Dozen *English* Barrels of Water, amounting to 432 Gallons: Of Brandy  
 € there

there was 188 Gallons: Of Sugar 400 weight, of Lemmons, which the Garden it self afforded, about Six Thousand: A Pound of Nutmegs, and there was order'd a 100 weight of Biskets, but there was none put in. Thus this Giant-bowl was compounded, and they who were Criticks in this Sort of Liquor, said they never drunk better in their Lives; for the General had taken great Care to have it well made, and for that end had nam'd three Captains, whom he stil'd the Commissioners of the Punch, to see it duly prepar'd: The Fountain was brim full, and for the Merriment of the Frolick, there was a small Boat built on purpose to float about this Lake of Sulphur, with Oars and a Boy to Row, and to Skink to the Company in Silver Pints that lay thick about the brim of the Fountain: Now the Healths went plentifully round; The Princes of the Confederacy were first huzzaed in Pint Brimmers, as the Emperor, Kings of *Spain* and *Britain*, then the States of *Holland*, and last of all the Generals with an universal Huzza, which echced to the Skies. This fearful Noise put me in Mind of the Ottoman way of Warring, for when they



they begin the Charge, every one Hal-  
lows as loud as ever he can, and tears  
his Throat for the shrillest Voice, and  
then with a general Shout they fall  
to: Just so 'twas here; The Punch  
was the Enemy they were to engage,  
they fell to Work with a most outra-  
geous Dinn, and their Ingagement had  
so much of a real Battle in't, that seve-  
ral were Kill'd and Wounded in the  
Assault. Round the Bowl were seve-  
ral Tables spread with Hams, Tongues,  
Pickles, and all sorts of dry'd Meats  
in great variety; and behind 'em, in  
the Walks, were Consorts of Musick,  
so far from one another that they  
were just heard, and distinguish'd with-  
out Confusion. Now tell me (my  
Friend) was ever any thing more Mag-  
nificent? Was ever any thing more Ro-  
mantick?

This Noble Company (tho' most of  
'em had more than they cou'd carry off)  
sunk not the Bowl above an Inch, but  
when they withdrew to let in the Sai-  
lors to't, there was such a Torrent of  
these Drunken Rogues, that in half  
an Hours time there was not one Drop  
left, for with their Hats and Buckets  
they lay'd it as dry, as an honest Drun-

kard does his Glafs when he Drinks to a Supernaculum; and well the Gluttons might, for they were now thirsty after having fed upon a whole Ox that was roasted for 'em, which they cut off the Spit, and swallow'd down burning Hot: So ended this sumptuous Banquet.

The Winter being our long Vacation, I had nothing else to do but to make my remarks of the Disposition of the People I was engaged with. 'Twere a needless Trouble to tell the well Read *Brunet* what a Temper the *English* are of, the Neighbourhood of our Countries has always afforded great Commerce with 'em, and there is hardly a *French* Man of any Curiosity, but is perfectly acquainted with their Humours. As for the *Spaniards*, there is such an Antipathy between us and them, that we seldom speak well of 'em, but tho' I were divested of all my Country prejudices, yet I cou'd hardly say any thing to their Advantage, and to tell thee the Truth, I hate 'em heartily: But the present bent of my Inclination lying another way, I shan't spend my Time in giving Characters, but considering that *Brunet* is at this time

time a Lover, I wou'd fain entertain him with some amorous Adventure that's more suitable to his Genius: This idle Time furnish'd us with variety of Intrigues, but as I am no good Historian at such Novelties, so I wou'd not render your Time heavy t'ye by relating 'em in my own Stile, but I'll make you amends with a Manuscript, which with much difficulty I purchast of a Traveller who was concern'd in the Ship which was the Scene of the Amour, and which I have transcrib'd and sent inclos'd: But I send it t'ye with such Caution, that I wou'd have you value the Gift, as you wou'd a fairy Treasure, which (they say) is dangerous to reveal. The Author has shadow'd his Lovers with imaginary Names, to darken a little so late an Adventure, because the Matter of Fact is true, and of so great Importance, The Story runs thus.



---

# THE STORY.

THE Monarchy of *Philippia* had been long govern'd by a Race of warlike Kings, no Chronicle can produce a Series of greater Heroes, nor Actions more astonishing than what we find in the Histories of that Empire: For from the first Prince *Pelagius*, who for his great Exploits against the first barbarous Invaders was chosen King, down to the present Sovereign *Catolinus*, there was hardly one who enlarg'd not the Bounds of his Sovereignty, and planted not his Arms in some far distant Region. A Thousand Ages they were reputed the first Monarchs of *Asia*, and their spacious Dominions reach'd from one end of the Globe to the other.

In this Posture stood the Kingdom, when from an Infant *Catolinus* was saluted

luted King: Never was a People in greater Expectation than of this young Hero: They lookt in him for all the gallant Accomplishments of his Ancestors, and the Eyes of all the World were bent on him as the Successor of such an illustrious Progeny, and as a Prince of wondrous Promises. There wanted nothing to render his Education compleat, Masters of all Sciences were brought from the Academies to give him Discipline; the Sun shin'd with a double Force upon him, and every thing conspir'd to animate him with all the Vigour that his Years cou'd bear: The Subjects which he was to Rule, were a People who had been very Famous in the Ages that are past, for their Courage and Successes; but of later Years, since Religion has usurp'd so much over the Temporal Power, and effeminated their Spirits, they have been enslav'd to the Church, and chang'd beyond all belief from what they were. Yet in the midst of this depravity they still retain'd some Notions of Honour, and were now in Hopes of a King that shou'd restore 'em to their Courage and their Glory: His first Minority gave 'em all the

Incouragement they cou'd wish for, and they hoped to find him one Day such as they had form'd him in their Imaginations, and for many Years he blofom'd so beautifully, that they doubted not but he would prove the Summer's Blessing. Thus every thing flourish'd, and there seem'd no want, but of a Maturity of Years to ripen the young Monarch, and to make 'em a happy People : But now behold what a turn, what a fatal Disappointment of their exalted Hopes !

The Inhabitants of *Philippia*, are (as was said) ridiculous Bigots to their Religion : The Patriarch of all the Eastern Churches has not throughout the extent of his Jurisdiction, a People more devoted to his Interest, nor more violent Defenders of his Usurpation : This is the Reason that this Country swarms with an ignorant and superstitious Clergy, Zealous of the Interest of the Church, and absolute in their Power : The Laity stands in profound Awe of their Frowns, and when any Affair of Importance is to be controverted, wherein there may be a Party made for the advantage of the Church, they ride up-  
on



on the humility of the People, and get all things into their Government.

'Twas thus with this infatuated Nation, when the tender *Catolinus* arriv'd to Years that made him fit for their Management, and the Patriarch knowing what benefit it wou'd be to him if this Young King was betimes made his Creature, prevail'd by his insinuating Ministers that he might be put into the hands of the Ecclesiasticks, and Educated with a fond Affection to the Church, and a prejudice to all Secular Affairs. They prospered so well in their design, that even in his Pupillage he became a passionate Lover of his Religion, and seem'd already to be wrapt up in it to such a degree, that he took no notice of those Exercises which were fitter for his Youth, but gave himself wholly up to Amusement and Meditation. This unmanly weakness was the cause that afterwards he cou'd relish nothing of the Duty of so great a Monarch; but having neglected to accomplish himself as a Prince, instead of becoming a Soldier as his Ancestors had been, he degenerated into a stupidity of Godliness, and Reign'd more like a Priest than a King.

'Twas

'Twas a melancholy Reflection to  
 see such a military People now dimi-  
 nish into the most sordid slothful  
 Wretches that ever liv'd : Arms were  
 now forgot, their rusty Swords lay idle,  
 their Garrisons were unregarded, and  
 their neglected Shipping, which for  
 many Ages had been the wonder of all  
 their Neighbours, now became their  
 disgrace. The King's Example cor-  
 rupted all the Youth, he became a Bi-  
 got to the Church, and they became  
 Bigots to him, not that they cou'd  
 commend his Genius, but it indulg'd  
 their idleness, and unmann'd their  
 Souls : Never was so hideous a sight of  
 Corruption and Apostacy, their Friends  
 pity'd 'em, their Enemies derided 'em, and  
 the distant parts of the World could  
 hardly believe it. Near Thirty years  
 he held the Scepter without doing any  
 Action fit for so sublime a Monarch, he  
 saw himself invaded on all sides, whole  
 Provinces were snatch'd from his Crown ;  
 and he who had no disposition for  
 War, saw all with little or no opposi-  
 tion, and sat down at last contented  
 with the loss. At length his miserable  
 Subjects became sensible of their Shame ;  
 and as they found it too late to hope  
 for

for redress from the present King, they concerted means to furnish the Kingdom with an Heir who might in time redeem their prostituted Honour, and awake 'em from their inglorious Lethargy. In order to this, it was advised that the King shou'd marry, his Councillors lookt around the World for a Lady fit for so high a Dignity ; and at last, they cast their Eyes on a Daughter to one of the Chief Princes that Compose the great Body of the First Empire of *Asia*, the Celebrated beautiful *Nuberia* now appointed the tutelar Goddess of this perishing Empire.

This charming Princess was the Idol of the Country where she liv'd, a Lady of such excellling Beauty, and such uncommon accomplishments of mind, that 'tis hard to say, whether her Virtue or her Beauty was most admirable : Fame had long ago filled the Universe with the Acclamation of her Perfections, and Princes from the remotest parts of the Earth languish'd for her. Every sighing Lover, when he wou'd say any thing extraordinary of his Divine Mistress, cou'd say nothing finer of her, than by comparing her to the Princess *Nuberia* ; for in that all the glory of the Sex was de-



determin'd, and there cou'd be nothing more said than what they copy'd from her. Soon as they had concluded on this illustrious Lady, Embassadors were sent to her Father's Court to treat of a Marriage. But tho' the incurious *Catolinus* had given his consent to this Embassy; yet he found in himself but little inclination to the Alliance, having intoxicated his Brain with other matters, and made himself utterly insensible of Gallantry, or the softer Impressions of Love: The Embassadors being dispatcht, came in few days to the Court where she resided; The grateful *Asaces* her Father read their Message with great Acknowledgments of the honour; and though he had already matcht his other Daughters to the best Monarchies in *Asia*; yet he esteem'd this the greatest honour he had receiv'd, and no wonder then he show'd his readiness to consent to the proposal.

The disconsolate *Nuberia* had quite another opinion of this Match; she had heard no advantageous Character of *Catolinus*; and the first emotions she felt at the proposal, were resentment and reluctance. But 'twas in vain to contend with her Father's Authority;  
 Ambi-

Ambition was his God, tho' Love was hers: At length his frequent solicitings made her descend to't whether she wou'd or no; and she who had never disobey'd him, at last consented. The Embassadors return'd with their Commissions prosperously discharg'd; and the next thing to be consider'd was her Transportation to *Philippia*.

It happen'd at this time that the Crown of *Philippia* was in Confederacy with the King of the famous Island *Neptunia*, against the common Enemy the Tyrant of *Asia*.

This King of *Neptunia* had above all his Ancestors in that Monarchy so great a Force every Summer at Sea, that he was lookt upon as the entire support of the War; and by being himself present with the Ally'd Armies in the Field, he had acquir'd immortal Renown by his great Conduct and Gallantry. And on the Ocean he triumph'd so securely, that since the fatal Defeat which he gave the Tyrants Ships even upon their own Coast; the Dominion of the Oriental Seas became entirely his. *Cato* having the opportunity of so good a Friend, and being ill provided of Shipping himself, bethought himself of sending to his Embassador who always

ways resides at that Court, to beg that a Squadron of Men of War might be detach'd out of so numerous a Fleet, and sent on this important Errand. This being immediately granted, it was order'd, that his Chief General *Saladine*, famous for a Thousand glories, should sail with the Capital Squadron to the Imperial Shore, and wait for her Arrival. This General, whom we shall describe because of his importance in this Story, was a Gentleman of one of the first Houses in the Kingdom of *Nep-tunia*; his Ancestors had been for many Ages famous in the Records of that Country; and though he himself was but a younger Branch of that illustrious Stock, yet at this time his Family boasted of one of the best Estates, and the best Titles in the Land, and even he himself enjoy'd an honourable Report, and a Spacious Fortune, besides what he held by his Noble Employments, and was all along one of the leading Subjects of the Nation: He had been Educated with all the advantages the Court cou'd give him; and besides those outward Accomplishments, he was of a graceful person, and exceeding suavity of Manners. When he received his Instructions,



structions, he made what haste he cou'd to get ready, and with much celerity he furnish'd himself with all things fitting so high a trust. As he was a man of great Address, he spar'd for nothing that was proper for the Entertainment of so Royal a Guest; and his liberality was on this occasion so particular, that he put himself and all his Retinue into magnificent Garbs, and loaded his Ship with profusion of all manner of Necessaries, and adorn'd the Royal Apartment with all the beauty he cou'd purchase for it, insomuch that after her Embarking, it may be admitted a Question if ever the Princess had been more magnificently regald in her Father's, or any of the Courts of the Empire, tho' all the Treasures of the Province were laid upon the Beard.

It was in this manner the gallant *Sa-ladine* waited for the coming of the Celebrated Dame, and after some few days expectation, the Bruit of her approach gave him notice to prepare, and he now began to set all things in order for her Reception. In few Hours after he heard the Guns from the Shoar, proclaim'd her Entrance into the Port Town, and he answer'd 'em with his and all the  
Ordinance

Ordnanice of his Squadron : When she first beheld the *Neptunian* Fleet, tho' at a distance, she felt in her self all the Convulsions of joy and terror : The first arose from the pleasure she had in beholding such a noble preparation for her, and the latter from the reluctance she had to this unwelcome Voyage : But the Ceremonies of the place not giving her leisure to reflect on any thing she must of necessity render her self to the Civilities of those Princes and other great Personages who came to pay her their Gratulations. When the Ceremonials were over, and she no longer restrain'd, she withdrew to her Closet, to over-rule as much as she cou'd her Sorrows, and to be at liberty to fortify her self against the approaching Fate : But in vain was all her Philosophy ; for tho' she had an entire resignation to the Will of her Father in every thing, yet in this Circumstance she cou'd not chuse but condemn him for disposing of her without her own Approbation : Night drew on, and she retir'd to her Repose, having first sent to *Saladin*, that the next Morning she wou'd come Aboard.

When

When the Morning came, the Shore was crowded with infinite Numbers of People who prest to see Her. The Cannon again founded her Triumph; and the Clamours of the Amaz'd Spectators return'd it to the Skies. The Nobles who attended Her were now dismiss'd; and they who were parting with Her, wholly resign'd her to the care of the happier *Saladine*: 'Twas visible in every Eye the grief they had to part with Her, but most of all in Her own, when She considered She was to take Her everlasting leave of Her own Country, in exchange for another: She cou'd not think of without Tears: She bid 'em all adieu with exceeding regret; and having turn'd her Eyes to the Fleet, she gave her self up to her expected destiny. The hasty Oars carry'd her off, and the last sight she took of the Shore, drew some sighs which She had not strength to stifle.

At length She came Aboard, and the Sumptuous *Saladine* receiv'd her at the side. But good Gods! the Astonishment he was in when he beheld the immortal Charmer! The Tongues of Angels tun'd to Celestial Musick cannot utter his surprize; He thought he had receiv'd

D

some-



something immortal, and he was with-  
 in a thought of prostrating himself at  
 her Feet, to show how much he was  
 enchanted : 'Tis inexpressible his Won-  
 der and Amaze ; for tho' at another  
 time he cou'd ha' plaid the Orator, now  
 Excessive Splendor struck him dumb.  
 He gaz'd at the fair Divinity, as if he  
 had never beheld any Human Crea-  
 ture before ; and notwithstanding all  
 his good breeding, he was struck into  
 silence and stupidity ; just as a Travel-  
 ler who unawares is surpriz'd with some  
 superb Building, whose marvellous Fa-  
 brick of a sudden strikes him with in-  
 conceivable Transports. At length he  
 tries to speak, but the power was wanting ;  
 for the Organs of his Voice were bound  
 up in Rapture, and he remain'd like a  
 Statue stiff and void of Motion. His  
 Mind was agitated with a thousand dif-  
 ferent Labours ; and in his Breast he  
 already felt a Fire which scorcht him  
 to the Heart : His Eyes were fixt not to  
 be remov'd, his Countenance chang'd  
 with the Anguish of his Passion, and  
 he trembled as if an Earthquake had  
 shook the Foundations of the World.  
 At last he burst out—Ye Gods ! what  
 can this be ? Why do I gaze on this Ce-  
 lestial

bestial Creature, to whom 'tis even Sacrilege to speak? He stopt and gave his Senses leave to renew their Contemplation. Still his Amazement continu'd; and tho' the Credit of his Character lay at stake for so profound stupidity, yet he was so lost in wild Confusion, that 'twas in vain to endeavour recovery.

The quicksighted Princess saw all his disorder, and cou'd not chuse but ascribe it to some extraordinary Cause, his handsom appearance spoke him no Clown, and she believ'd perhapson another occasion he cou'd ha' carry'd himself another manner, yet far from divining the true reason, she consider'd him as a man under some dissatisfaction, and gave her self no Curiosity to examine it further.

These were the first Impressions they had of each other, he was Thunder-struck with the Figure of so excellent a Creature, and she was pleas'd to have so Renowned a General to accompany her in her Voyage.

Upon her Embarking all the Ordnance was thrice discharg'd, Volleys of welcome were shout'd by the Seamen, and no-

thing was omitted to express the Triumph of the day.

The beautiful *Nuberia* had among other Ladies one whom she admitted into all her Affairs. This Lady she chose for her Bedfellow, and for the Partner of her secrets : To her she began now to reveal her displeasure of this Marriage ; and tho' she had not engag'd her Heart in any Passion elsewhere ; yet she found in her inclinations no promptness to the Alliance. She fail'd not to tell her, that the Temper of the *Philippian* Monarch wou'd by no means suit with hers, that she had heard how his Government had run him into discredit with his own People, and that he was too much a Saint to be a good Lover.

The indulgent Maid agreed with her in what she said , and humour'd her Melancholy with more than an affected pity ; for she really lamented her condition : The ingenious *Fidelia* had been brought up with her Mistress in her Father's Court. In their Infancy they had been Companions, and from time to time as they grew up together, their Pleasures and their Exercises had been always the same, and nothing happen'd to



to one, but the other shar'd in the satisfaction or distress : 'Twas thus that by a long Tryal of her Virtue the Cautious Princess knew the value of her Friend, and she never had than now more need of her Consolation. And being so well assur'd of her integrity, she unbosom'd her self of all those oppressions which she labour'd with.

By this time the amaz'd *Saladine* began to recover, he now ruminates on what he had seen; and the manner of his behaviour : He remembered he had been too remiss in the Ceremony with which he ought to have receiv'd so illustrious a Passenger, and torments himself with the apprehension of having given her an ill Opinion of his Carriage, he was afraid his ill behaviour wou'd be interpreted to proceed from want of Address, or what was Ten thousand times worse, from want of respect, and the dread of such an impression gave him unspeakable trouble. In this distraction he cou'd hardly contain from running into the Cabbin, and prostrating himself at her Feet : But that extravagance left him when he consider'd he shou'd have opportunities sufficient to clear himself of that imputation :

And immediately while it was unseasonable to pay any further Civilities to the Princess, he call'd together his Captains and other Officers of his Ship, and gave 'em strictly in charge to treat with most profound respect all such of her Country who had the honour of attending her. This piece of Gallantry was presently reported to *Nuberia*, and she seem'd extremely pleas'd to find her self mistaken in the Conduct of a man who knew how to regard her, and one that took such early care to make himself obliging.

After she had been Aboard a while, and contemplated the Magnificence of the Provision that was made for her, she was highly delighted with it, and confess that upon another occasion she cou'd ha' been well contented with such an Abode ; so showing some inclination to walk upon the Deck for a prospect of the *Neptunian* Fleet, she had no sooner said it, but the News was carry'd to *Saladine*, who hasten'd to the Cabbin-Door to receive her : She did not expect him there, but she was not unpleasantly surpriz'd to see him so obsequious, and to find him a little more complaisant than he had been at her

her entrance : She then gave him her Hand, and walkt forwards with him : The confounded General trembled with the unexpected honour, he now felt her tender delicate Hand, and the joy which he conceiv'd at it threw him again into a Lethargy of Silence and Confusion. Ye Heavens ( he mutter'd to himself ) what can this be ? Whither will ye hurry the undone defenceless *Saladine* ? If this I feel be love, first strike me dead, rather than let me fear a Fire which must consume me to nothing : How can a Wretch like I look up to so much brightness ! 'tis Insolence, 'tis Arrogance, 'tis Blasphemy to speak to her : Oh Charming Excellence ! with that he sunk his Eyes down to the Deck, and durst not raise 'em up for fear of meeting hers.

The penetrating Princess, spite of all his Caution, saw his glances ; but whatever effect they had upon her, she show'd neither pleasure nor resentment ; but passing on as if she had not minded him, she suffered him to lead her to the Ballisters, and there she stopt : She thought she had now given him an opportunity of saying something to her of the delightful prospect they had ;



she was quite out of her Aim ; for even  
 now again the poor sufferer had no  
 Language for her, but that of his Eyes.  
 This gave her extreme impatience, and  
 she cou'd not conjecture the cause of his  
 continu'd reserv'dness ; but being no  
 longer able to hide her Curiosity, she  
 began the Conversation by asking him  
 if that were the whole Navy of *Nep-*  
*tunia*. Her Voice awak't him ; but  
 not being so much at leisure to himself  
 to consider what she said, he Answer'd  
 her in broken Accents very far from the  
 purpose ; this increas'd her Wonder and  
 his Confusion ; and for an Hour toge-  
 ther, he cou'd not recover from his  
 Amazement. Never was the lost *Sala-*  
*dine* in such a Labyrinth of Misery, he  
 saw himself entring into a Passion which  
 might prove fatal to him, and he now  
 began to lose all hopes of arming a-  
 gainst it : Every sight he had of her  
 gave him less and less assurance of his  
 Recovery, and still plung'd him deeper.  
 The cautious Princess was in some con-  
 fusion as well as he, to see him thus ; not  
 that she altogether believ'd she had any  
 interest in his disorder ; but 'tis very likely  
 she wisht the happy *Saladine* so well, that  
 she cou'd suffer with him in all his Ad-  
 versities.

verities: She began to condole and pity him, and tho' she found no violent Inclination to Love him as yet, yet she conceiv'd for him such an ardent Friendship as was not many degrees from it. She believ'd she might without an Injury to her high Quality consider him as her Friend, and not making any further Reflections on the State of her present Disposition, she gave her Heart leave to act as it wou'd.

'Tis indeed to be allow'd, that bating that Melancholy which had overcast him, The gallant *Saladine* wanted no Ornament to recommend him, his Person was exceeding Graceful, his Meen and Air had something of uncommon agreableness, and besides the advantage of his Person, he had a happy Genius in his Dress, which never fail'd of serving him to good purpose. *Nuberia* was a good Judge of these Things, she had been always us'd to the best of both Sexs, and that in a Country very much addicted to show and Gallantry; so that when she beheld our General attentively, she perswaded her self she had never seen any thing that pleas'd her better. After some stay, and a little Conversation, she again gave him

him her Hand to lead her back, and having waited on her to the Cabbin Door, he made her a profound Reverence, and withdrew. When she entered the Cabbin, she found the Table covered with a magnificent Banquet prepar'd for her; She was pleas'd with the Surprise, and cou'd no longer think but her General knew in what manner to entertain her, and thinking it no breach of Order to desire his Company, she sent to him, and beg'd that he wou'd favour her with it. The well Bred *Saladine* wou'd have excus'd his sitting in her Presence, and desir'd no greater Honour than to wait at her Chair, but no Excuse wou'd be receiv'd, she was resolv'd to dispense with all Ceremonies, and by beginning a more intimate Acquaintance to try if she cou'd find out the Cause of his Perplexity; seeing it better became him to obey, than to refuse a Civility from one so much above him, he took a little more assurance, and plac'd himself at the lower end of the Table. Soon as the Meal began the Musick struck up, and now every Sence was delighted; She had every Thing that was agreeable to her Taft, her Sight and her Ears, and she



she seem'd at this time to be so present to her natural good Humour, that for a long while she forgot her Afflictions, and gave her self up to Ease and Pleasure.

There is not on Earth any Thing that softens the Soul so much as Musick, it must be a stubborn inflexible Nature that can't be alarm'd at it, not such as that of the generous *Saladine*, who was strangely mov'd with the exciting Sounds, his Heart was toucht with the piercing Echo, and now languishing upon the Strings, grew so very Amorous, that his extasy carry'd him almost beyond the Apprehension of his Sufferings: He cou'd not forbear Wishing it might have the same influence on the Divine *Nuberia*, and he cou'd not wish for any thing more happily, for the tender Princess had a sensible Breast, and being exceedingly pleas'd with the splendor of her Entertainment, she found in her self an Inclination not much to his Disadvantage: She cou'd ha' been satisfy'd to have had her intended Bridegroom just such a Man as *Saladine*, and the more she consider'd him, the more she lamented her Misfortune that she was to be

be suddenly depriv'd of him, to be  
 thrown into the Arms of one, for whom  
 she had an unconquerable Prejudice.  
 In this adversity of Thought, she re-  
 garded him with more Address, and as  
 her Indulgence increast, so did his  
 Flame. His Faculties now regain'd  
 their wonted Vigour, his Affiduities  
 were doubled, and every thing he did  
 and said, tended to her good liking.  
 In a little time she grew more familiar,  
 and he more assur'd ; their Conver-  
 sation was now grown unreserv'd, and  
 distances were laid aside : She began to  
 consider him with something more than  
 indifference, and he gaz'd on her as he  
 wou'd devour her with his Eyes.  
 'Twas then the accomplisht General  
 began to display himself, he was no  
 longer aw'd with Majesty, nor fetter'd  
 with the Terror of Offending her :  
 His Discourse was free and eloquent,  
 and to whatever he utter'd, her Ears  
 were open and attentive. Sometimes  
 his stollen Glances met her Eyes, and  
 sometime he was resolv'd to declare he  
 knew not what, but as yet his Courage  
 was not sufficient when he consider'd  
 what he was going to do, but stifling  
 his Temerity he forbore to be so pre-  
 sum-

sumptuous. He knew very well the danger of the Design, and while he was in Temper to Reflect, he trembled for his Arrogance. She on her part behav'd her self with much Condescension, but not so far as to encourage his Hopes, and when he consider'd the Happiness he had already receiv'd, he saw he had good reason to be contented with his Condition.

The Time being come that it was seasonable to depart, he remembered that it was not decent to take too much advantage of the Honour she did him, and making a handsome Complement to that purpose, he left her with her belov'd *Fidelia*, well pleas'd with what had past.

The Apartment where this charming Princess lay was directly under that where *Saladine* took up his Lodgings, The Roof that parted them was but thin, so that it was not difficult for the wakeful Lover to hear what Discourse past between her faithful Confident and her. His Pains kept his Eyes from Slumber, and he had not long laid down, ere he heard his lovely Passenger address her self to *Fidelia* in these Terms. Oh my *Fidelia* ! Whither has  
my



my Father's Ambition hurry'd me? Why must I be made the Sacrifice of his Glory, by becoming the Wife of one for whom I can have no Inclination? Is there in a Crown any thing can make me happy? No my *Fidelia*, 'tis worth no more than the Riches that adorn it, and I despise it as a Trifle not worth my Heart: Why am I then enslav'd to Greatness without the liberty of choosing for my self? Oh unhappy State of Women Born for such Alliances! Were this *Philippian* Monarch Generous, he wou'd release me from my Fears, and not betray me to a Marriage in which I have not consulted my Eyes. Why must I Marry whether I Love or no? Am I not a Woman, Born with Passions like other Women? Have I not a Heart to give, and can I not Love? Oh Yes, my dear *Fidelia*! I have all the tenderness of my Sex, my Bosom is soft and gentle, my Heart is flexible and relenting, and I have a force of Nature in me, which tells me, without being Beloved, I never can be Happy.

The pitying confident heard her Mistress with infinite Sorrow, she endeavour'd not to perswade her it was for her Glory, but consented to every thing

thing she said, and lamented with her the Severity of her Condition. On the contrary she told her, the Court of *Philippia* was an absolute Prison to all the Queens who enter'd into't, and the nature of the People was to be excessively jealous of their Wives. What then will become of me, she cry'd? Can I endure to have my Honour suspected, and to be guarded like a Criminal? Oh wretched Fate! Unhappy lost *Nuberia*! These Words were pronounc'd aloud, and the attentive *Sala-dine* echo'd her Sighs with his: He wish'd it were not so, but alas, how cou'd he oppose it? He saw she was going to Execution, and that he himself was to carry her to the fatal Place. This Thought rackt him to Death, and made him Ten Thousand times more uneasy than the poor Sufferer below: He cou'd ha' dy'd to rid her of that tormenting Destiny, and a Thousand times he resolv'd, if she wou'd consent, rather than to obey his Orders, to carry her into some far distant Country, where she shou'd never hear more of that unfortunate Contract. But yet he had some Consolation from her Aver-sion to't, because he hop'd it might  
make

make better way for him, not that he cou'd aspire to make her his, for that was infinitely above his expectation, but yet he hop'd, she wou'd not be altogether insensible of his Passion, since her Heart was disingag'd, and at liberty to please it self. Thus this disconsolate Company were condoling their several Misfortunes, when Word was brought to the General that the Wind was fair.

He who had taken no rest, was now weary of his Pillow, and upon this Summons rises. He found the Wind presented, and that 'twas necessary to use it, so gave Orders for Sailing. Then were his Pains renew'd, when he consider'd he was now advaneing to his and the mourning Nyberia's Destiny, every Wave his Ship cut carry'd 'em further on, but much happier wou'd he have thought it, if those Waves had bury'd him. The Noise that is at such a time reacht the watchful Princess; and when she was told she was on her Voyage, she abandon'd herself to Despair; and in her innumerable Torments invok'd the God of Tempests to end her unhappy Being: But in vain were all her Prayers, the uncertain Elements were never more certain, and the God of the Waters disobey'd her.

The



The Wind continu'd fair for many Days, fair for their Voyage, but adverse to their Wishes, and 'twas not now long ere they expected to see the unwelcome Shore. Then was it that all the Pangs and Agonies of Grief surrounded 'em, the drooping Fair sunk under her approaching Calamity, the weeping *Fidelia* kept her beloved Princess Company in her Melancholy, but the Rage, the Torment, the Distraction of the lost *Saladine* is not to be express'd. He Curst the prosperous Wind, he rail'd at Heaven, he Curst himself, and only Blest *Nuberia* : He saw too late that he now lov'd her, he saw her going to her Grave, he saw himself going to be depriv'd of her for ever, and all this confusion of Misery not to be shun'd. Thus was he fretting like a Lion in the Toil, champing the Chain that held him to his Fate, and calling for Thunder to dash him into Pieces, when of a sudden the Wind came about, and as it had been for four Days directly for 'em, it was now as directly against 'em.

Never was so successful a Turn as this : Their Curses were all chang'd into Blessings, and the Deity which just before they had Blasphem'd, was now

E

the

the God of their Thanksgivings. The overjoy'd *Saladine*, ran in haste to carry the News to the disconsolate fair One, covering his Joy with as much Temper as he cou'd, not to give her any Jealousy that he knew of her Aversion to the Voyage, and she receiv'd the News with wonderful Serenity, tho' her Heart was in no good Condition to disguise her Satisfaction. Soon after this lucky turn it fell flat Calm, not a Breath of Wind ruffled the Face of the Deep, the Elements were in perfect Tranquility, the floating Palaces lay wantoning on the Bosom of the Ocean; the sporting *Nereids* danck'd around 'em, wondring at this universal Stillness. Now they mov'd neither one way nor other, their Ships rode on the smooth Pacifick as they had been held by their Anchors, their Sails flatted against the Masts, and the idle Sailors had nothing to employ em: The Face of Heaven had not one Cloud that threatned them, the Weather seem'd to be settled in this Halcyon, and Morning and Evening Fogs demonstrated no near approach of an alteration. It seem'd indeed, as Fate had contriv'd it for the Wishes of the labouring *Saladine*, who desir'd nothing  
more

more than to dwell forever in the  
 Company of his charming Princess.  
 The fair Nuptials could not last of  
 this revolution without warm emotions  
 of Joy, as it delay'd a while that tri-  
 vial her Destiny, and gave her a  
 longer enjoyment of that noble Gen-  
 tle, whom she began to value with a  
 more than ordinary Esteem. She had  
 been sensible in this part of her Voy-  
 age of his frequent Diligences, and a  
 thousand Turns of Gallantry, with  
 which he hop'd to please her. He saw  
 in all his Actions an Air of Nobility,  
 and such a profound Submission, that  
 even her exalted Quality cou'd hardly  
 countenance it: But above all the dis-  
 tinguish'd that Desire, which she per-  
 ceiv'd he had to please her, which with  
 the rest of his Tenders took such root  
 in her Heart, that she cou'd not forbear  
 showing on all Occasions the Satisfaction  
 she receiv'd in his Services. She now  
 thought it no Crime to wish him well,  
 and if a little Tenderness mixt with it,  
 she had not Power to controul it. 'Tis  
 true, she consider'd she was going to tie  
 her self for everlasting to the Embraces  
 of her contracted Husband, and that  
 her Duty wou'd not warrant her Incl-



ation for any other Person, but tho' she was of an inviolable Vertue, and in all Things paid a solemn deference to her Honour, and to her Father's Will, yet the Image of the generous *Seladine* would break in upon her most serious Reflections, and make her whether she would or no regard him with some concern.

He on the other hand grew every Day more inflam'd; he found he lov'd in good earnest, but the dread of offending her kept him from revealing it. This constraint he put upon his Passion serv'd but to increase it, and the more he strove to conquer it, the more unconquerable it grew. This set him sometimes on extravagant Projects; now he would resolve to let her see it, but presently he apprehended the discovery might be fatal, if she shou'd receive it with Displeasure: Sometimes he determin'd to prepare her by making an interest with *Edelia*, but knowing the uncorrupted Duty that Lady paid her Princess, he was afraid it might miscarry on that side too.

Never was a poor Lover agitated with so many different resolutions, as he was, he felt intolerable Pains, yet if he shou'd attempt to ease 'em, it might add to his Afflictions

Afflictions by seeing her offended. He  
 found he now liv'd with all the fury  
 of Distraction, his mind was never at  
 rest, but when his Eyes were shut, his  
 Visage chang'd, his Health left him,  
 his Body sickn'd, and all the Faculties  
 of his Soul were at War one with ano-  
 ther. He no longer took any Care of  
 the Expedition, or the Business of the  
 Voyage was quite out of his Memory,  
 and the charge of his Commission lay  
 buried in profound Oblivion. These  
 violent Convulsions threw him into a  
 Fever, yet he chose to suffer on with  
 invincible Fortitude rather than dis-  
 vail the Cause of his Pain. But tho'  
 he strove with his Passion, 'twas in vain  
 to strive with his Distemper. His Ill-  
 ness daily increas'd, and all his Physicians  
 were in consultation about his Recove-  
 ry. They readily found out his Dis-  
 ease, but the Cause was beyond their  
 Search, to no Purpose were their Ap-  
 plications made, the Symptoms of Death  
 had already mark'd him for another  
 World, and they had nothing in their  
 Art that cou'd remove him. When the News of his Danger was  
 carry'd to the Princess, she was extremel-  
 ly griev'd, and the more, because she  
 doubt-

doubted if it would consist with her  
 Commands to visit him. She could have  
 been contented to have cast a look at  
 one half of his Illness; for she lookt on  
 him with the sharpest eyes, as if she  
 had a brother in this Condition. But  
 Margerill's Commands, she feared she  
 could not obey her father longer, and  
 feeling her dear Confidence lookt on  
 a Wife would be agreeable to him, that  
 Maid ran to his Apartment, and found  
 him almost in the Arms of Death.

At the Name of the Princess he started  
 from the Verge of Life, and looking  
 up to see who sounded that charming  
 Name, he saw it was the Faithful Fe-  
 delia. He held forth his Hand to her  
 welcome Messenger, knew nothing could  
 give him greater Comfort; and tho' his  
 Tongue had not power to utter his Joy,  
 his Eyes confess'd it. When the frighted  
 Maid brought to her Mistress, she related  
 to her the deplorable Condition he  
 was in, and the trembling Princess  
 holding her with infinite Pity, she  
 hasten'd with her to the Scene, where  
 the expiring Lover lay. At this first  
 sight of her, his Spirit forsook him,  
 but striving to recover, he would have  
 rais'd his weak corpse, for his Acknow-  
 ledgments.



Judgments for so undeserv'd an Honour;  
 but she approach'd his Bed time enough  
 to prevent him, and took her Seat by  
 the Bed-side. The poor unthinking  
 fair here dispens'd with the *Decorum* of  
 her Quality, as a Princess, and as a Wife,  
 she consider'd the occasion too pressing  
 to insist upon Formalities, and she chose  
 rather to deny for once her duty to her  
 Honour, than to the Necessity of her  
 Friendship for the dying Patient: She  
 then beheld him in the Agonies of  
 Death, thank'd from what he was, and  
 she thought it Charity to administer  
 all her good Offices for his Recovery.

The Apprehension she had of his  
 danger made him now *unusually* dear to  
 her, who perhaps for what of such an  
 occasion might have still kept her Heart  
 secure; but soon it is, that we oftentimes  
 begin to Love, when there is any dan-  
 ger of losing what before we only  
 esteem'd. Now it was that the Crisis  
 of his Fate was at the highest, there  
 was but one way of saving his Life,  
 and that was guarded with innumerable  
 Difficulties. He had the pleasure of be-  
 holding his Divine *Nature*; but where  
 was that Tongue that could reveal his  
 Sufferings? His Eyes languish'd on the

beloved Object as they were rivetted to't, but his Voice was shut up with Awe and Terror.

This moving sight struck our generous Princess with mortal Anguish, the compassionate *Fidelia* wept over him, and it was hard to say which of the Three bore the most significant Characters of Despair.

The Princess omitted nothing that cou'd express her infinite sorrow; not to comfort him while there were any hopes he yet might do well: At last she try'd by Questions to find out the unsearchable Cause; but all her inquiries return'd without satisfaction.

If the gallant *Saladine* (said she) has so much confidence in my Friendship as to trust me with the secret of his mysterious illness, he shall find I shall concern my self in his sufferings as if they were my own: I Conjure you therefore, no longer to hide the cause of your indisposition; but if I have any prevalence over you, or you value the repose of one who has an interest in your welfare, declare what it is that burthens your Spirits, and presses down your noble Nature to such an extremity.

Tho' there was a great deal of kindness in

in these words, yet the guilty Blood stole into his Cheeks, his Eyes were sunk down, and a fatal shiv'ring shook the Foundations of the Bed: He still had a check of shame on him, tho' she seem'd so much interested in his Affliction, and to encourage the discovery: But at last assuming more resolution, he rais'd his Eyes up to hers, and she encountering em in the very minute of his greatest languor, she saw there was something in his Heart which he fain would reveal, but that he was withheld by some secret reluctance: He struggled long between his pains and his fears, she saw him in perplexity, and he saw her in trouble for him. This indeed seem'd a fair opportunity for him, he thought now to hazard all, not doubting but he shou'd soon be out of a capacity of seeing her displeas'd with him, by the approach of that Hour which he had been impatiently expecting; but he was not long of that Opinion, his fears return'd upon him, and after all his strugglings he was forc'd to resolve rather to die than to tell her.

Just as he had thus determin'd, the Physicians came in, and cut off all farther Conversation for that time.

The



The impatient Princess felt violent vexation at this cross Adventure, and she had rather have paid 'em that visit, than have been so unseasonably interrupted. But not thinking it convenient to tarry longer, and being already a little resentful to be found in his Cabin, she quitted it, not without great regret to leave him in that condition.

But now behold what a turn of Fortune! for while the indulgent Princess had been conversing with him, *Fidalia* spying a Paper folded up in the Form of a Letter seal'd, and carefully laid by his Pillow, she took it up, and was amaz'd to find it inscrib'd, *to the Princess Nubia*. She made sure of so happy an Accident, and carrying it with her into the Princesses Apartment, she gave it her to read, who open'd it with eager hast and found it thus:

*When I am Dead and my torments at  
 no more end, let it be known to the Di-  
 vine Nubia that for here I lye:  
 I cou'd not live to see her anothers;  
 and being unworthy to possess her, I  
 chose rather to end my Passion with  
 my Life, than to live in perpetual  
 Misery: Let this be a Memorial of  
 my*

dying *Leopold* let me pity *Ida* all  
 -no *swearing* *Leopold* said to no man  
 in *Ida* and *Ida* moved  
 advice: *Ida* *Ida* *Ida*  
 better let her mind of *Ida* and  
 -This is impossible to describe the differ-  
 rent effects that *Ida* produced in the  
 Breast of the *Ida* *Ida* *Ida* *Ida*  
 could not but look upon this discovery  
 as an injury to her Birth, and to the  
 Circumstances of her Condition, she  
 knew it was not fit for her to hear of  
 Love from any person, a terrible politi-  
 cal juncture when she was just going to  
 be the Wife of another, but then she  
 considered the deplorable state of the  
 dying *Ida* and how much he chose  
 to suffer rather than quit it known, and  
 then she really felt him, happier. A  
 long time her duty and her inclination  
 consented for possession, and spite of all  
 opposition all was her pity triumph'd.  
 She considered her self the cause of  
 mortal dejection, she consider'd how  
 full of respect his behaviour had all  
 along been, and how what an extremity  
 he was now reducing. And these Refle-  
 ctions wrought upon her more than all  
 the Rhetorick he could have us'd. The  
 tender hearted *Fidelia* was no less mov'd  
 than

than she, that faithful Maid had a high Opinion of his Vertues, and now endeavour'd to confirm the Princess in those kind Sentiments: She Advises her again to visit him, and represented to her the necessity of saving so precious a Life; to which the Princess reply'd, What can I do *Fidelia*? Thou know'st I'm not at liberty to beat of such a passion, my cruel Father has sacrific'd me to his Ambition, and how shall I withstand the force of my Destiny?

But Madam (she was presently interrupted) you may see him, you may allow him to be so far happy, as to let him see you pity him, if you can allow him no more: You're not yet in the Court of *Philippa*, here are no Eyes to watch you, nor Tell-tales to publish any Breach of *Decorum*; you are not yet subjected to the Austerity of those Rules, that misfortune will come soon enough; In the mean time therefore ask yourself how necessary it is to save a Life which you confess is not indifferent to you, and resolve over all Scruples to visit him again.

The disconsolate Princess was at a stand how to carry her self in such a perplexity, she found but little



little inclination to disobey her, but she could not easily consent to put her self into the opportunity of an Amour which by no means consisted with her Honour. But when she consulted her Heart, these Obstacles were of little force, and after she had determin'd what to do, she prepar'd to see him again.

The dying desponding *Saladine* knew nothing of this Accident; he every Hour expected Death; and had framed that Letter to let his beloved Princess know he dy'd for his insolent Passion: While he was now musing on the approaches of his fate, he was amaz'd to see them enter his Cabin again. The Princess held in her Hand the guilty Paper, and he knowing it to be his, his Astonishment and Shame was beyond all Confinement: Then no longer doubting but that she knew all, he was ready to yield up his Breath with Remorse and Confusion. He cry'd out in an extasy of penitence, Oh Heav'n! what have I done? How has my treacherous Hand betray'd me? Oh Madam! Let me not live to meet your Eyes: My guilty Flame has undone me, and I now deserve to become your detestation.

situation. Yet the Queen looked on him  
 with some glances of Compassion, and  
 tho' she had remembred this tender look  
 was not to be justify'd, yet she could  
 not forbear saying, How unhappy Si-  
 tuation, Take back your Majesty's Declara-  
 tion, and with it her Majesty's good wishes  
 for your Health; and if you value my  
 satisfaction, preserve your life. These  
 unexpected words were life. It so so, he  
 needed no other remedy to restore his  
 Health, and already he felt his Heart  
 reliev'd, and the powers of his Soul  
 quicken'd up to Joy and Rapture: Then  
 looking on her with Eyes divided be-  
 tween Awe and Extasy, he told her if  
 he deserv'd not to dye for what he had  
 done, he would live to make the re-  
 mainder of his Life the witness of  
 her indulgent Goodness. A girl  
 Then in a Moment his illness be-  
 gan to abate, his Fever left him, his  
 Countenance return'd its usual hue,  
 and thro' all his Veins the vital  
 Blood ran temperate and healthful:  
 All Signs of dangers were remov'd,  
 his Reason return'd, and his Senses  
 possesst their former Occupations. No  
 Marks of Desperation appear'd any  
 longer, nor any Raptures but what  
 he

he utter'd in the admiration of her  
 Mercy. The Princess was much joy'd at this  
 alteration; she told him; That if the  
 recovery of his Health depended so  
 much on her power, she was sorry she  
 could not always be his Physician; that  
 she had consideration enough for the  
 Merits of so generous a Man; but it  
 was entirely against her Honour to give  
 him his Passion as it deserv'd; but if  
 he could be satisfy'd with such a place  
 in her Heart as would not invade her  
 Duty, she should conceive for him the  
 most tender Friendship; but that if he  
 were at liberty to chuse a Lover that he  
 would be most grateful to her; she would not fix  
 better than on the *Calicut Saladin*.  
 There is need no more to finish  
 his recovery; he could not hope to  
 break off the Nuptials she was going to  
 Celebrate; and all the Ambition he co-  
 veted, was but to feel himself in her  
 good Opinion, and in some possession  
 of her Heart. He heard her last words  
 with transporting joy, and tho' there  
 was a great deal due to the presence  
 of so illustrious a Princess, yet he  
 broke out from all Constraints of De-  
 cency into an extravagance of Passion.

Oh



O! ye Celestial Powers ( he cry'd )  
 too happy, Happy *Saladin*! and can the  
 generous Prince pardon me? Can the  
 forget my daring Insolence, and forgiv-  
 ing me the Sentence of Death which  
 was my due, raise me to Life? and bid  
 me live for ever? Oh let me rave a  
 while with boundless Ecstasy, till I  
 have utter'd this excess of Joy that fills  
 my grateful Soul: Yes, I will live, since  
 you command me, and live a thousand  
 thousand Ages, till I become immortal  
 as my Love; and carry to the end of  
 Nature the Triumph of your Eyes.  
 She wou'd have check'd his Transport;  
 but he was in no condition to hear  
 Reason; his Flight was too lavish to  
 be bound up to Rules; and he spar'd  
 nothing that express'd his Gratitude and  
 her Generosity. At length he stop'd,  
 and she Answer'd in such Terms as these.  
 I have already done more for the  
 brave *Saladin* than I can justify to the  
 present dependence of my Affairs; but I  
 have consider'd every thing, and I find  
 all too weak for my Inclination: It  
 becomes me not to say more, perhaps  
 I have said too much already. Only  
 that if our Fortunes had so ordain'd  
 it, I cou'd have been content without the  
 Tem-

Temptation of a Crown, to have shar'd my happiness with him. She blush'd for what she had said, and not able to look up, she let fall her Eyes, and wish she had not said so much. As it gave her confusion, so it increas'd his Happiness; and now the reviv'd Lover, who a moment before wou'd have parted with his Life for an Expiation of his Guilt, liv'd to see himself forgiv'n, and what was infinitely more, belov'd: Now he undertook to talk with the freedom of a Lover; and while his Tongue was recounting the violence of his Flame, his Heart and his Sighs kept time with his passionate Relation: His languishing Looks pleaded powerfully for him, and he who knew to a syllable the way to a Ladies Heart, made every gesture humour the distressful Tale: Now he play'd the Orator indeed, his Tongue was Tipt with softness, his Eyes with Fire, his Breast beat to the Accents of his Voice, and every thing he utter'd was Musick to the attentive Princess. Twou'd be very hard to describe our General with all the advantages which he now possess'd; for notwithstanding his Illness, he had an Air of sweetness in his Face, and in every

F

ry

ry Action such a persuasive Allurement, as was not to be resisted. The Princess receiv'd a sensible Impression of all he said and did, she found her Heart already totter'd, and when she wou'd again have consulted her Reason, she had no power to think. She represented to her Fancy that she had never seen any thing more worthy of her, and now she was not determining whether she shou'd love him or no; for that was already decided, and 'twas too far gone to be recalled: Her Heart became absolutely his, and there wanted but the consent of Fortune to make 'em the happiest Couple in the World. Now the distances of their Quality and all reservation was laid aside, our Lover grew more assur'd by the encouragement she had giv'n him; and taking her fair Hand, he held it to his Lips with such ardency as very much affected her: She grew less scrupulous as he grew more assur'd, and she mistrusted not those innocent allowances in the possession of one she esteem'd so much, and whom she had found so worthy of her Confidence.

Thus were they highly satisfy'd with each other, she was exceedingly pleas'd  
to



to see she had such power over him as to restore him to Life at her pleasure ; and he was in no ordinary degree of rapture, to see such a change in his condition, to be redeem'd from the jaws of Death and Despair, and to see himself rais'd from such dejected Miseries to a felicity infinitely above his hopes. But alas how short were these starts of joy ! they presently call'd to mind that they were not ordain'd for one another, that they were within few days of parting, never to behold each other more. Soon as that dismal thought seiz'd 'em, they were both cast down into mortal Affliction : All the Terrors of Despair sat in their Faces, and they became the pity of the sorrowful *Fidelia*.

And now to increase their Grief, the Weather grew Cloudy, the Calm was blown away with a boist'rous Eastern Gale, their Sails were all trimm'd for the pursuit of their Voyage, and they hurry'd on with such precipitancy, that to their insupportable sorrow they saw the fatal Shore where they were to part for ever. Who can describe the extremity of their sufferings at the discovery of that infernal Coast ? The Weeping Princess was past all Comfort, and the

F 2

furious

furious *Saladine* ready to plunge into the bottomless deep to prevent the parting moment, which was but preventing one Death by another. But vain were their Complaints, the remorseless Wind increas'd, and they fled before it with such fury, that they plainly saw the Shore within few Hours Sail of 'em.

The nearer they approacht it, the more deplorable were their sorrows, and they now macerated and tore 'em-selves with the utmost apprehensions of Despair, abandon'd to their Suffrings and Distress. The Princess lay like one bereft of Reason, *Fidelia* sympathiz'd with the Melancholy of her dear Mistress, and the inconsolable *Saladine* had hers as well as his own Torments to afflict him. In that Frenzy he cou'd not forbear running into her Cabbin, where he found his Charmer overwhelm'd with trouble ; and throwing himself at her Feet, beg'd to die in that posture rather than to see her torn from him to an Everlasting Separation. What did he not say to move her ? But there needed no further Arguments to make her pity him, she already found him so dear to her, that she was within a moments consideration of running the hazard

zard of disobeying her Father, and flying to some far distant safety with her lov'd *Saladine*. But these were only Chimeras of a Distemper'd Brain, she talkt of things impossible, and now there was no way to escape her Destiny.

The Storm began to sing louder, and the faster it blew, the nearer they drew to the unwelcome Scene: The Sea was now grown outrageous, the Billows tost 'em to the Skies, and the darken'd Heav'n (as if it mourn'd for their Calamity) was painted with the Visage of horror and death. In this Tempest they hop'd for some unexpected adventure, as being on an Element apt for Changes, at least to delay a while their parting; but the Wind had no compassion of 'em, it Whistled still louder, and drove 'em forwards with such impetuosity that now the Shore was just under their Bows, and spite of all their care, the Ships in hazard of perishing. The alarm of this danger frightened all but the despairing Lovers; the Officers ran to the General for Orders in this extremity; but they might as well talk to the Clouds as to him: He was not at leisure to regard the safety of his Fleet, being agitated with a greater Storm in his Breast, and whatever shou'd



become of 'em, he was in no condition to prevent it : Immediately they dropt their Anchors, hoping to ride out the Storm ; but all their caution was little enough to secure 'em. The Gulph of *Moco* has always been notorious for Shipwrack, the Sea runs there with incredible fury, and a thousand Vessels have found their destruction in its implacable jaws. No Wonder therefore at this time the danger astonisht all them who were tender of their safety ; for throughout the whole Fleet there was not one who expected not Death, and who did not make it his business to shift for himself. All but the desperate *Saladine* and his Princess were fearful of being stranded on the Shore, but they had so little taste of Happiness, that Death wou'd have been more welcome to 'em than Life , on any terms but of enjoying each other for ever. But seeing no hopes of such a Fortune, they gave 'em selves up with ready Resignation to whatever shou'd befall 'em. In few Hours they cou'd behold several of their Ships cast on the Shore, and the drowned Mariners tost on the relentless Beach , as a Token of what they were now to expect.

This

This dreadful sight gave all the Spectator unspeakable horror, but to our disconsolate Lovers it appear'd with a quite different Face: Not that they wanted pity for those miserable Wretches who were perish'd; but it gave 'em hopes of suffering the same Death themselves, and they were prepar'd to receive it with wonderful Alacrity.

The Princess felt not those fears which were common to her Sex in such Emergencies, her Courage was as much as was necessary, fortify'd with the presence of her *Saladine*, and in his Arms she was resolv'd to end her Life. He too who was grown careless of his own Life, neglected for a while even hers; and because he saw he cou'd not be hers in Life, he rejoyc'd to think they shou'd die together. This indeed was grateful to him for a time; but at length he consider'd, she deserv'd better Fortune than to perish for want of the means of safety, and he now was of Opinion to prevail with her to have some regard to her self. Accordingly he went to her, and Conjur'd her by all the happiness she wisht him, not to remain longer Aboard, but to give him leave to get a pinnace ready to carry

her a-shore, and to leave him to the Mercy of the Sea, who was willing to die if he cou'd secure her from the ruin which threatned her. He told her, there was less danger in venturing out than in remaining where she was, that if she wou'd consent to go, he wou'd give in charge to his chief Officers to Pilot her a-shore, and to set her safe from the hazard of Shipwreck: That indeed he wou'd attend her himself, but he cou'd by no means set his Feet on the Country where she was to be for ever lost to him; and that the torture which he shou'd feel to part with her, wou'd be too conspicuous, and might give her Subjects occasion of censuring that Reluctance, with which he was to see her torn from him.

Tho' there was a great deal of Reason in what he urg'd, she cou'd not hear it without a Resentment, which shou'd her violently offended; no Sir, she cry'd; there is no safety for me where I have not the gallant *Saladine* to bear me Company, and as we are now in the Moment of eternal Perdition, I can rather consent to perish with you, than to endure the anguish  
of



of parting with you to sustain a Crown which will prove a Torment to me under the fatal Separation which it makes betwixt us. Then abandon'd to Distraction, she cry'd, Oh forgive my Honour! If I transgress the Bounds of Decency to tell the faithful *Saladine* how much I Love him! Hence—away—with all Impediments of Duty, of strict Obedience and contracted Vows, let me be Mad till I have rav'd enough, and told the generous Man how dearly I adore him! Oh take me to your Arms, and hide my Blushes, let me be wrapt within your fast Embraces, and never wake but to behold you mine.

The Amorous *Saladine* was ravish'd with this sudden Tenderneſs, in all his Joys he never hop'd for ſuch a Declaration, but now his Soul was all on Fire. Ye bounteous Gods! (he cry'd) What Words are theſe? Oh let me hang upon your lovely Knees, and proſtrate on the Earth receive this Bleſſing! Then ſtarting from that Poſture, he flew out into a Transport, Let the Seas roar, and let Deſtruction reign, ſince I am made thus happy: Then running to her Arms, he added, Now—now—thou God of Whirlwinds ſtrike us down,

down, sink us together to the vast  
 Abyss, but let no Bolt of Thunder part  
 our Arms ! Oh Joy too great to bear!—  
 here his Breath fail'd him, and the  
 weeping Princess ready to expire with  
 the moving Spectacle, sunk down into  
 his Arms, and they both remain'd as if  
 they had been Dead. The diligent *Fidelia*,  
 who never left 'em, was in little  
 better Condition, but knowing the  
 Danger of calling for help, she used all  
 the Means she cou'd to bring 'em to  
 Life. *Saladine* first recover'd, and find-  
 ing the Princess entranc'd in his Arms,  
 'tis impossible to tell the various Passi-  
 ons that possess'd him: He held her still  
 in his Embraces, and looking on her  
 with Eyes that languisht with the hea-  
 viness of his Heart, he was ready again  
 to sink to Death, but seeing her in that  
 insensible Condition, he ventur'd to let  
 down his Cheek to hers, and to touch  
 those Lips that now cou'd not be open'd  
 to accuse him : But 'twas with so much  
 Awe, that if she had awakt and felt  
 him, she cou'd not be offended with  
 the Violence. His busy Eyes ran over  
 all her Perfections, and he gaz'd at her,  
 as if indeed he never were to behold her  
 more ; and he cou'd have wisht to Die  
 that

that very Moment, without the desire of any further Happiness.

At length she open'd her Eyes, and finding her self in his Embraces, she was a little stagger'd at her Weakness, and at another time cou'd not have pardon'd her self such a Confession of her Love: But now 'twas too late to hide her Passion, she was intirely resign'd to her Inclinations, and she thought nothing too much for that charming Man, who knew how to use her Indulgence without invading her Honour: Soon as she collected her Spirits, she lookt on him with such Tenderness as cou'd proceed from nothing but her Excellency of Pity and Generosity, and he met those Glances with such a Languishment, that nothing cou'd be more moving than this dumb Conversation: He rais'd her up, and as well as he cou'd, desir'd her to be compos'd, but her Trouble was too great to be comforted, and he was in no good State to give it her. *Fidelia*, who was least concern'd, tho' not without her share of their Misery, prevail'd with her to retire, she suffer'd her self to be carry'd whither she wou'd, and giving *Saladine* her Hand to support her, she was conducted to her Bed: She



She strove not to oppose 'em, but finding in her tortur'd Breast no Disposition to Rest, she laid her down, while the lamenting Maid did what she cou'd to divert her. But in vain was all she said, her Heart was overcome with Melancholy, and she cou'd think of nothing but of the dreadful Hour that was approaching. She now lost all Hopes of perishing in the Storm, for the Sky clear'd, and the Face of the Deep was grown smooth and calm; and every Minute she expected the fatal Summons to debarque.

*Saladine* being withdrawn to his own Apartment, begun to ruminate on his miserable Condition, he saw nothing before him but Misery, yet 'twas some comfort to him to think he was belov'd; but how short was that Comfort! For he soon concluded his Condition the worse, that being advanc'd to so great a Happiness he was in a Moment to be depriv'd of it for ever. When he perceiv'd the Weather grow fair, his Torture was doubled; he now lookt for the Embassadors from Shore that were sent to receive her, and every thing he heard, he thought was they. He was not long deceiv'd, for upon the  
ceasing

ceasing of the Storm, they who were appointed to attend her to the Court came Aboard, and now Spite of all his Afflictions he was constrain'd to meet 'em, and to give 'em the Honours that were due to their Characters.

When the Dying *Nuberia*, saw the fatal Messengers, 'tis inexpressible her Anguish and Dejection; she look'd on 'em as they had been her Executioners, and she had hardly Fortitude enough to support her self to receive their Homage: She show'd so little Complacency for the Errand they came upon, that the quick sighted *Philippians* were at a loss how to behave themselves; but not daring to press beyond her Pleasure, they withdrew to give her Time to prepare for her solemn Departure.

Tho' she had been a great while arming for this unavoidable Necessity, yet again her Grief return'd, when she consider'd her lost *Saladine*: She had but another Moment to see him, and that was to be spent in utmost Sorrow: But being resolv'd to have her eternal Farewell, she sent privately for him, and he was conducted by the faithful Confident to the last Scene of their Interviews: This Meeting, as it was the last  
of

of their Lives, so it was attended with the most deplorable Circumstances : She now omitted nothing that cou'd assure him of that indearing Esteem she had of him, and taking a Bracelet from her Arm, put it upon his, conjuring him never to part with it till some happier Occasion shou'd make her capable of sending to him again : She hop'd one Day to make him better Acknowledgments, if she had Strength enough to Survive this doleful Parting, and ending her Discourse with Repetitions of her everlasting Friendship ; she gave way to that torrent of Tears which burst from her delug'd Eyes.

The unhappy Lover receiv'd her Present with such a dejected Air, as if it were only to put him in Mind of his eternal Misery ; but the Assurances she made him of being eternally his Friend, was yet some small Mitigation : He yet hop'd the varieties of War might give him an occasion of seeing her Country again, that he might hear how she liv'd in her new Majesty, and what Remembrances she still preserv'd of him : After this, he wou'd have thrown himself at her Feet to take his final Adieu, but she rais'd him by the Hand, - and suffered



fered him to take her once more into his Arms, as being the only Happiness she had now remaining for him. He prest her lovely Bosom close to his, and with a Groan that brought up his very Soul, he cry'd—farewel : She had but just Strength enough to echo him, and with a fainting Voice she reply'd—eternally Adieu. He then let fall his Arms, and turning away his Eyes, he strove to hide that Weakness which depriv'd him of any further Speech ; and staggering to the Door, he went he knew not whither. All Things being got ready for her departure, she prepar'd for't without asking any Questions, and without any further Ceremony entred her Pinnace ; still keeping her Eyes fixt on the expiring *Saladine* ; and as the Vessel bore her away to the fatal Shore, the unfortunate Lover gaz'd at her till he cou'd behold her no more.

Thus (my dear *Brunet*) you have the Story of that unfortunate Princess, which some time ago made a great Noise in that part of the World where it was acted : The best thing that can be said of it, is, that it is true, and our  
Au-

Author has omitted all flourishes to keep to Reality: The Princess of this Story is still alive, and I am told, the royal *Catolinus* prov'd just a Bridegroom, as the prophecy'd of him; but the poor *Philippians* were disappointed in their Hopes of an Heir, for Heav'n has not Blest that Crown with any Issue from that renowned Woman, tho' they were Daily in expectation of one, which they hop'd to obtain thro' the intercession of their Friends in Heav'n, which were constantly ply'd to for that Purpose. And now I shall shut up my long Letter, without troubling you with any other Adventures, but I hope in few Months more to find you some other Diversion, for I have made an Acquaintance in this Place which will furnish me with all Occurrences that are worth hearing: Till then I release you from any further importunity, and remain

*Your most*

*Cadiz Dec.*  
*4th, 1674.*

*Devoted Friend,*

R.—

*Postscript.*

## P O S T C R I P T.

**I**F you intend to Honour me with any of yours, let 'em be directed for me here: The Method of this Post-Office is very extraordinary, and I can't miss of any of your Favours, if you write between this and *May*. There's such a Number of Strangers in this City, that 'twould be impossible to know every Man by his Name, or almost by the Place of his Dwelling; therefore the Officers of the Postage order their Business thus. When the Mail arrives, the Clerks write down the Number upon every Letter, from One perhaps to 1000, as many as there are, and then the Copy of the Names as they are Superscrib'd, is writ down on a Table kept for that Purpose, putting opposite to the Name the Number that lies upon his Letter, and this Table always hangs in the Passage, where every one, who comes to inquire, looks if there be one for him, and if he finds his Name in the Alphabet of the Table, he takes notice of the Number, and goes in to the Clerk, who always attends for that end, and reporting his Number, his Letter is presently found.

G

LET.



## LETTER II.

**N**OW again I have got something to entertain my dear *Brunet* with, but how agreeable it may be to him, I am not positive to determine, tho' I have taken some Pains to find him Matter of Diversion, and if I give him half so much Entertainment as I receive in furnishing my self with Adventures to please him, I shall think my Time and my Toil amply rewarded.

As I told you in my last, I had now leisure enough to make my Observation of every thing I saw and heard, and when I got leave to go Ashore to *Cales*, which I inform'd you, were our Winter Quarters, I drest my self in the Habit of my own Country, and went to see some French Merchants I was recommended to, who were very glad to receive me : And I so well pleas'd them with the Relation of my Undertaking, that I made my self many good Friends among 'em. There are great Numbers of *French* over all this Kingdom, and

I

I have been told that in *Madrid* alone there are Forty Thousand, who follow their several Vocations, generall yunder the disguise of *Flemings*. Whenever I had any curiosity to see the Rarities of this Town, one or other of my Friends always accompany'd me, to protect me from the insults of the *Spaniards*, who are very Inhospitable to Strangers : And where ever we went, I found our Countrymen well esteem'd, notwithstanding their national Prejudices, for being accounted, as indeed they generally are, Wealthy, the Fame of such a Character draws some Veneration from the People.

The City of *Cadix* is a very ancient City, the Foundation of it having been laid by the *Phœnicians* : It is Situate on the Skirt of the Island, famous heretofore for being the Habitation of *Geryon*, the Antagonist of *Hercules*, who is said to have carry'd away the Herds of Cattle which graz'd in this Fruitful Pasture ; and at this Day the Pasture is so rich, that Cattle will die of Fatness within 30 Days, unless they be let Blood ; and, to say true, the whole Province is so exuberantly Rich, that

in the Time of the *Carthaginians*, before the first Punick War, it was a Temptation to those warlike Invaders to make War against it, which they did so successfully, that all that part of *Spain* was Conquer'd by 'em, tho' afterwards the *Romans* sent their Armies hither against the *Carthaginians*, and in process of Time the *African Scipio* Conquer'd it, and made it an Appendix of the *Roman Empire*. This Island by *Mariana's* Account was formerly 700 Paces from the Continent, and had 300 Leagues circumference: What he means by so extravagant a Measure, is beyond my Apprehension, for tho' I have often Pac'd it round to examine if there were any Footsteps of so unlikely a Compass, I cou'd never find 'em, for at this Day it is no more than 3 Leagues about, and the River that parts it from the Continent is so narrow, that a Bridge of 6 Arches strides it over. But as to the Situation of the Land; every School-Boy knows, *Hercules* concluded his Ramble here, and left his Name to those Two great Hills *Calpe* and *Abyla*, which front each other from *Africa* and *Europe*, which are to this Day, and will



will be to all Posterity called his Pillars, as if he had erected 'em for the Boundaries of his Conquest. It was many Years afterwards the *Urbs Gaditana* of the *Romans*, and one of their Magazines for furnishing their Transports in their Maritime Expeditions. The City is not extraordinary large, but so full of People, that no Habitation in the World can boast of greater Numbers, and for Magnificence of Churches, Convents and private Houses, neither *Paris* nor *London*, *Germany* or *Italy* can out go it: The Fortifications are not the best that I have seen, for all the backside which fronts the Southward, is naked; but on the Angle they have built a small Fort into the Sea, which they call *St. Sebastians*, and in time of War it may serve to prevent a descent on that Quarter: But the front which looks upon the Bay is well walled, and mounted with good store of fine Brass Cannon, and serves for the Evening Walk of the Merchants and other Inhabitants. Higher up towards the Bay is a Neck of Land which runs like an Isthmus between the two Seas, lately Fortify'd, and indeed I think,

impregnable, and they have good Reason to guard that Place well, for it was on that Side the famous Descent was made by the English Generals, *Essex*, and *Rawleigh*, when in one Day they Sackt this wealthy City, and laid it in Ashes. A Mile without these Works stands the Castle of *Puntal*, a small well built Garrison, but ill Arm'd, and more negligently Guarded: For I don't know what use they make of it, but to lay up the Plate and Mony, which, contrary to the Statutes of their Country, they provide for the *Genoeses*, and other Ships which come here for that Purpose; and from hence to convey it aboard. 'Tis true this Castle, and the other opposite to't on the other side of the Bay, made some resistance when *Essex* invaded 'em, but it was so small, that he was not twelve Hours in gaining 'em, and in beating the Garrison out: The other that I nam'd is built on purpose to Countenance this, and to oppose the Passage of an Enemy into the Creeks, and not being above a Cannon Shot asunder, it wou'd prove hard for a Man of War to go between 'em, if they were well Mann'd.

Within

Within the City I observ'd no regular Militia, only a Muster of a few ragged Rogues, which don't deserve the Name of a Regiment, for neither Government nor Discipline appears among 'em, yet these Rascals are so Insolent, that a Stranger wou'd be in danger of his Life if he shou'd refuse to give the most beggarly among 'em the Wall and the Salute. They have three Gates, which are open'd and shut every Morning and Evening, each of 'em guarded with the Officers of the Customs, and I think they make little use of 'em but to that purpose, nor that neither effectually, for nothing here is more common, than to run Goods ashore, and carry Mony out, either by Stratagem, or the Connivance of the Officers : At the Sounding of the Oraison Bell these Gates are all shut, and the Keys carry'd to the Governor, and upon no Terms to be deliver'd out again, unless on very important Necessities. The first and principal is called *Puerta de la Sevilla*, because the Boats which Trade between *Sevil* and this City lie before it ; the Second is called *Puerta de la Mar*, because here



the Captains and Masters of Ships generally come a Shore; and the third *Puerta de la Tierra*, because it is the Key which opens to the Island: But since I have mention'd the Oration, give me leave to acquaint you, That the custom of the Evening Prayer is here perform'd with wonderful Devotion; not but that I know 'tis in all Catholick Countries observ'd less or more; but here it is done with so much severity, that not one Person, be who he will, who is at that time in the Streets, tho' the weather be never so dirty, but falls down on his Knees in the very place where he stood, and in that Posture gives up his Thanksgivings for the Mercies of the Day: And surely there is in this custom, an exceeding show of Piety not to be met with among our pretended reformers, those zealots who have elop'd from the Church, and now set up for Christians more Spiritualiz'd than we. It was no small pleasure to me (My Dear *Brunet*) to see those obstinate Hereticks obey this custom of falling down on their Knees at the call of a Catholick Signal, and admire their  
lac'd

lac'd Coats to conform with a Religion they so much rail against; but 'twas their Fear of being knockt on the Head, and not their Devotion, which made 'em comply, and they were so much in the right on't as to save their Bones, tho' they ventur'd at what they themselves call Idolatry, as indeed they impiously call most of our Devotions. Soon as this is over, the City is on all Sides shut in, and 'tis then impossible to get out, and this is the only Face of a Garrison which I cou'd see among 'em.

: 'Tis almost incredible the Opulence and Traffick of this City, there's scarce a Nation upon Earth that has not sent some of its Natives to Trade here; and among these there's such Diversity and Confusion of Habits and Languages, that at high Change, which is always at Eleven in the Morning, the Scene looks like an Opera, and the Eye is filled with Show and Figure. But 'tis a strange Thing to consider, that among such Crowds of all Countries, there is hardly one *Spaniard* to be seen, these are so Lazy, or so Proud, that they give 'emselves no manner of Exercise,  
for

for they had rather Starve than Work : If they had not the best Country in the World, their Condition wou'd be very Miserable, and as it is, they can but barely Live, for notwithstanding their Ostentation, there's the Curse of Poverty in all their Families. At the time of Exchange one may see some of all the Kingdoms of the Earth negotiating their private Affairs, which are mostly levelled against the Interest of *Spain* ; so that when I consider'd this strange Medley, I cou'd not chuse but commend what I had once in *Holland* seen of a Picture, which shou'd the King of *Spain* lolling on a Table cover'd with Pieces of Eight, with the King of *England* and the States of *Holland* on each Hand, raking from under his Arms the shining Metal ; the *Genoefes* behind his Chair making Grimaces at him, and the King of *France* snatching it before his Face, whether he wou'd or no : And indeed 'tis literally true, for all Nations prey upon him, and either by Wile or Force get most of his Treasure out of his Country. How shou'd it else be ? For there's not another Kingdom in *Europe* has any  
Mines



Mines of its own, and tho' the *French* and *English* have a small Trade with *Guinea*, and bring sometimes Dust from thence; yet that is so small a Parcel of the Riches of both Countries, that it must be confest, the Body of their Treasure must come from hence, and so be dispers'd thro' all Parts of the World, to the utter Subversion of the *Spanish* Power: And were it not for their Possessions which they still hold in *America*, they wou'd inevitably fall before every Prince that cou'd draw an Army against 'em, and be reduc'd to Nothing. But to return to *Cadiz*.

The Government of the City is in the Hands, first of the Government, and next to him of the *Alcalde*; the first is for the Regulation of the Military, as the latter of the Civil Affairs; and between these Two are frequent Disputes about Prerogatives, which are generally determin'd in Favour of the Governour, who has a Power (such as it is) to awe and intimidate the Civil Magistrate, who in so deprav'd a Reign may complain of the Usurpation of his Rival to no Purpose in the World: At our first Arrival *Don Pedro de Valasco* was

was Governour, who was afterwards presented to the Viceroyate of *Catalonia*; a Man suppos'd to be in the Interests of *France*, and supported by the Authority of his Father, who is Constable of Castile, and one of the prime Ministers of State: The Conduct of this Governour was highly Censur'd when Admiral *Tourville* lay before this Place; for as it is reported, there was a private Correspondence between 'em, and the Governor openly regal'd him with several great Presents, to Bribe him from any Hostilities, and to gain the good Will of the *French* Merchants, who were not wanting to reward him.

Here is an excellent Market for Fish and Fruit; but as for Meat, I have seen more on one Butchers Stall in *London*, than in all the Shambles here: All manner of tame and wild Fowl are scarce, tho' I have sometimes seen of both Sorts exceeding good, but in no plentiful manner, for these are Fore-stall'd before they come to Market, and they who can't go to the Price of 'em, must Feast on Herbs, or eat their Fish as their Daily Food, and thank God for Blessing 'em with the Neighbourhood

hood of the Sea. Their Pork indeed is the best in the World, but their Mutton, Beef and Veal the worst; for whatever becomes of all their Cattel, there is little to be found of 'em in their Markets; and even that that is, is so strangely mamockt in the cutting up, that with that, [and the beating of the Sun all Day upon't, it looks like Carrion. To sum up all in a word, nothing can show more Sumptuous than the outside of their Houses; and nothing more Beggarly than their Poverty within.

Some Months after our arrival, several Visits were made between the *English* General, and the Governour, but if you were to see the gaudy Pomp of the *Spaniard* when he puts on all his gallantry for a Visit, you would think your self in the Holiday Show of some overgrown Citizen, when the Pedler puts of his blue Apron to strut along in Silks and Ribbons. Certainly nothing can be more Ridiculous than this Pageantry, and yet you may as well perswade 'em that they're not the Anciencst People of the Creation, as that they're not the most accomplisht in  
Breeding



Breeding and Gallantry. The height of their Mode is but to mimick the *French* in their Garb; and you know they do this to such a pitch of Deformity, that it is become a Proverb, when we wou'd speak of any Body very awkward, to say, *He looks like a Spaniard in a French dress*: To mention the *English*, tho' they are our Apes as well as they, yet they wear their Cloathes with a tolerable good grace, and bating that sullen Air which is inseparable from all Northern People, they come nearest us of any of our Neighbours.

Whenever the General made his Visit, he went attended with the flower of his Officers, as there are many among 'em fine Gentlemen. Once there was a solemn Invitation, from his Excellency a Shore, to his Excellency a Board, to an Entertainment at his House; the chief Diverfion was to be a Comedy, and to this Invitation, the General went with the best appearance he cou'd make; and indeed the procession was Magnificent beyond what is commonly seen here: For as the General Landed, the Governour in his own Person received him at the Water

ter fide, and led him to his House, between his Guards and the Soldiers (if I may so call them) of the Garrison, with such Mulick as the place afforded, and a general discharge of Cannon: At his House he was regal'd after a handfom manner, and the Comedy Acted to the best advantage they cou'd, which yet was very miserable: When the General came away, he left a large Munificence behind him, which consisted of Sixty Pistoles for the Comedians, and Sixty more for the Governours Servants. This liberality of the General, made a great noise, and the *Spaniards* ever after exprest a high Opinion of his Generosity, and began to treat the *English* with more respect.

Without question, their Comedies (as they call em, for they have hardly any distinction between Comedy and Tragedy) are the vilest things on Earth, and can be out done by nothing but the scandalous manner they Act em in, and the pitiful Decoration of their Stage: You who are a Critick in these Studies, may judge what they are,

are, when I have told you, that in three Days time they can patch up a Play, even in verse, for they are all in Rime, and get it Acted in three more, but after such a barbarous manner, as wou'd sooner raise your Contempt than your Diversion: I have heard that the Famous *Calderon* seldom took more time; and tho' his are the most correct of any in the Language, yet if they were brought on the *French* Stage, the Audience wou'd think the Poet out of his Wits, and a Ballad Sung in a Country Market a better jest: As for their Scenes and Ornaments, a Mountebanks Scaffold is an illustrious contrivance to 'em: Two or three dirty Blankets pin'd across the Stage, serves for the Curtain, that is, The flat Scene before which they Act, and when they have any thing to show behind that, they draw the Wollen Scene, and then the Audience may suppose what they will: One wou'd think they shou'd be ashamed of Day light, they Play in such abominable Habits, and yet they never use Candles, but stand in full view of the Sun, and defy the Devil and the Critick.



Critick. My Friend, Even in these trifles we may observe the dissimilitude between this Country and all others, for I think 'em altogether and in every thing the most contrary People on Earth.

And as if these People had contriv'd on purpose to be opposite to all the World beside, they erect their Boxes just where our Galleries stand, and the Pit which with us is taken up only by the Gentry, is with them prostituted to the Vulgar at the Price of about a Tester; But with this remarkable difference, That the Benches are lockt up, like the Pews in Protestant Churches, sometimes purchased by particular Families, but generally to be open'd to every Scoundrel who starves a Dinner to treat himself with Sixpeny worth of the Play. As to the Boxes, they are built on high from each side of the Stage to the end of the House, not near so commodiously as our Galleries; and the charge of one of them amounts to about Twelve Shillings, and that finds room for half a dozen: But for the most part, these Boxes belong to such and such

H  
Houses

Houses of Quality; and as we say, *This is the King's Box, &c.* They say, *This is such a One, and this is such a One*—— But when any of them are not taken up by the Owners, the Box-keepers make Money of them to others.

Another Bar besides the situation, to render these Boxes more inconvenient, are, the Grates which they always put before 'em. This Custom arises from the Care the Women take, or the Men for 'em, that they shan't be seen; and because they must deprive others from seeing them, they deprive themselves of seeing the Play.

One of the Plays which I was at, invited me there by the curiosity of the Title; it was the Story of the *English Earl of Essex, and Queen Elizabeth*; which because I had read both in *French* and in *English*, I was resolv'd to see what they made of it in *Spanish*; and to be ingenious, I cou'd not chuse but be extreamly Scandaliz'd at the Character which they make of that Princess; for she is there represented as the blackest and most deform'd Monster in Nature, a Tyrant, Homicide, an Usurper, Bastard and a Witch:

Witch: And even out of the Play-House, the People have the same Opinion of Her; and which is more intolerable, I have heard a well read Gentleman, but hot and zealous, affirm, That she was contracted to the Devil, and that she was branded with a great black Beard, which made Her horrible to behold.

When I consider'd this, I found these Impressions are convey'd to the Laity by the Artifices of the Priests, to give 'em an invincible abhorrence of those they call Hereticks, and tho' nothing is more evident, than that this is as Lye, yet the common People are so tenacious of what the Church tells 'em. That they'll sooner quarrel in defence of such a falshood, than admit of any Conviction. I saw several other of their Plays, but as they are cramp'd into short Verses, and the sense very much pinch'd in for the sake of the Rhimes, so I was sometimes puzzled to understand 'em; in the main, I believe, there may be Wit in some of 'em, or else the People are easily provok'd to Laughter and Admiration; for their Applauses are often express'd by crying,



*Vita, Vita*, which is contracted out of *Victoria*, a Word that signifies their good Liking and Satisfaction : I observ'd in most of their Plays that they are very happy in what we commonly fail, and that is, in the Oeconomy of the Fable : Their Plots are neither so intricate as to confound, nor so transparent as to be seen thro', but substantial, clear and surprizing : Their Verse is every First and Fourth, and Second and Third ; and their Acts, which they call *Jornadas*, are never more than Three, only at the end of each, they bring in a scurrilous Interlude of Farce and Nonsense, disgrac'd with a Guittar and Harp, to make the Rabble Laugh.

I shan't delay you with any more Remarks of this Place, I have already too far Transgress'd, for indeed there can be but little Pleasure, either in Writing or Reading any Thing that can be said on such a wretched Subject. Give me leave only to add, that this Country is intolerably Hot, which makes good what one said of Hell, that if he were to place it in *Africa*, *Libya* shou'd be his Choice, but if in *Europe*, no Place so fit as *Spain* for the burning Mansion.

This

This extremity of Heat is the Reason, that from Twelve to Four in the Afternoon, every Body goes to what they call their *Cesto*, that is, to Sleep, and the Streets for that time are as silent as at Midnight, and no greater appearance of a Trade than if it were the Sabbath; so that when the *English*, who were not accusom'd to Sleep at such Hours, wou'd be about the Streets, the *Spaniards* made a by-Word of 'em, and said that at such a time nothing but English-men and Dogs walkt about.

But now I have been mortifying you with these heavy Complaints, let me try if I can lighten your Spleen a little with something more relishing: As you are a Friend to a Bottle and an Intrigue, you can't chuse but be pleas'd with the Conversation of some honest jolly Friars that are here: Those of *Spain* are commonly more Temperate than the *French*, the *French* yet more than the *English*, and indeed that's no Wonder, for the *English* can hardly produce any Nation that excells 'em in all manner of Lewdness: Here are in this City of all Countrys some, and

of all Orders, from the *stately Castilian*, down to the *bumble Irish-man*, and from the proud *Jesuit* to the lowly *Capuchin*: The Clergy are so numerous and so Rich, that I have been faithfully told, near a third Part of this well Built City is in their Possession, either given 'em by pious Legacies, or purchast with ready Mony: Besides some fourteen Convents of Monks and Nuns, there's a Hospital called, *St. Juan de Dios*, which is maintained with the Profits of the Play-House, the Stage being interdicted, unless it pays (as I remember) about 2 third of their Daily receipt to its maintenance: The Occasion of this heavy Tax on the Theatre, was the result of the Bustle which the *Spanish* Jesuits made to get it suppress: The Story is very Famous under the Name of *Pedro de Guzman*, a zealous Churchman, who wrote a Book, wherein he vilifies the Stage, seeming to be much scandaliz'd at its Impiety, and giving it all the Opprobrious Terms he cou'd gather out of the discontented Fathers; and concludes, that it is equally Shameful to the Catholick Religion, to bear with this (which he calls) *Pagan*



gan Lewdness, as to suffer the Bull-Feasts, which gave it at all times such infinite Scandal. The Latter is a Custom which they derive from the Moors, who once Inhabited their Country, and was among other Sports, in mixture with a deal of gross Superstition, left to these *Spaniards* their Successors after they were expelled *Spain*, and which are still highly prevailing at this Day: I shan't go about to describe this heathenish Sport, it being already done by every Author who has writ any Thing of the Country; only I shall tell you, that once I had the Curiosity to be present at one of 'em, at which Time I saw 33 Bulls cut down, and macerated alive one by one, by these inhumane Butchers. Tho' I found much Cruelty in this kind of Pastime, yet I cou'd not chuse but be diverted with the Dexterity of the *Spaniards*, in amusing and shunning those fierce Creatures: The Bulls which are design'd for the Sacrifice are all manag'd, for they are kept wild, and for some time before the Day of Sport, shut up in Darkness, to render 'em more Furious when they are let out into the Light and the

Crowd : The Combatants of this Day were some Gentlemen, whose Relations had been formerly Foil'd by the Bulls, and then lying under (what they call) an *Impena*, to revenge the Disgrace, which is a Puntilio of Honour they never fail to observe : They came into the Lists, drest up like Morris-Dancers, Riding upon Mules, as fine as themselves ; and one after another, they ran their Course : This *Impena* (if I call it right) is reckon'd a Disgrace of the highest Degree, if any Cavalier comes off without Killing his Bull, tho' he himself be Wounded, or perhaps Kill'd, as it sometimes happens, there lies an Infamy on that Family, till some other Branch of it takes off the Attainder, by Slaying one of the Savages with his own Hand, which at last, tho' perhaps with the Sacrifice of most of the Family, they never fail to do. These Gentlemen were reputed great Dabs at the Game, and so they prov'd, for by one Shift or other, they all came off unhurt, having redeem'd the Disgrace of their Friends, and acquir'd to themselves universal Applause. But on these Holidays of Bull-Fighting, every

ry Fellow gets ready his Dart or his Spear, and with that in one Hand, and his Cloak in t'other, he Wounds the Bull, and defends himself; for as soon as he strikes, he throws his Cloak about his Eyes, which catching on his Horns, muffles him, and gives the Assailant an opportunity of Escaping.

This dexterity of the *Spaniards* makes all Strangers wonder: Among the rest there was a drunken *English* Sailor, who was extremely pleas'd with the Sport, and was resolv'd to take a run himself; he thought himself as good a Man as the best of 'em, and why shou'd not he show his Courage as well as they? It happen'd immediately that there was a fierce Bull turn'd out, and now was the time to shew himself: Out then he steps into the Lists, with nothing in his Hand but his little Hat, which was not much bigger than one of the Bulls Eyes, and in a daring manner waits for his running at him: Soon as the roaring beast saw him, he ran furiously towards him, and there being no Body else in the Lists, the Sailor must now make the best of a bad Market; the poor Fellow still stood his Ground, and



and when the Bull came near him, he try'd to amuse him with his Hat, as he had seen the *Spaniards* do with their Cloaks, and throwing it between his Horns, it signify'd as much as if he had held his Hand against a Thunderbolt, for down he came upon his Back, with his Face to the Bulls, one of the Bulls Feet on his Stomach, and one of his Horns thro' his Cheek and out at his Mouth.

One wou'd have thought these Braves that saw him, shou'd have run in to his Rescue, but not one of 'em stirred, tho' the defeated Hero lay every Moment expecting Death; till of his own accord the generous Beast got out his Horn, and as if he had been sensible of his Conquest, left him on the Ground, and walkt on as if he were satisfy'd with his Victory. Soon as the Bull quitted him, then they run Races who shou'd first see if he were living, and finding no other hurt about him but that of his Cheek, he was carryed to the Hospital, and soon afterwards Cured.

If you have the Curiosity to ask on what Occasion these Bull-Feasts are generally

nerally made, take this Account which was given me of that which I was at, The Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, Captain General of *Andaluzia*, had a Son at the point of Death; his Life being given up by the Physicians, the Duke had recourse to the Prayers of the Church, as his last Remedy; and particularly addrest a Monastery of *Augustines* in the Town where he Dwelt, to offer up their Intercession for him; In some Time after the Gentleman recover'd; and the glad Father, thinking his Recovery had been an effect of the Prayers of the Convent, presented it with these 33 Bulls, to be first Baited for publick Diversion, and as a Token of his Gratitude, their Carcasses to be devoted to the Holy Fathers.

This is not always the Reason of 'em', for sometimes the King, or some Grandee, entertains Embassadors with them, before the royal Palace at *Madrid*; or, for want of a better Occasion, sometimes the Mob: When ever the latter happens, it is done to pacifie their Clamours, for they are always Mutinous in a Time of Scarcity, and then the King appoints 'em a Bull-Feast,

Feast, which is both Sport and Supply to 'em. Tho' generally this is perform'd here with Circumstances of great Ostentation, yet in *Barbary* they have 'em in ten times more Splendour. Those *African* People being lovers of all sorts of Cruelty, and not to be pleas'd but with such savage Diverfious. But so much for their publick Sports—I cou'd now make you merry with another kind of Gallantry very much in practice among these *Spaniards*; I mean that of Pimping and Intriguing: And tho' these two Excellencies are chiefly prevailing among the Laity, yet to give the Church its due, the Clergy are very dextrous at any thing wherein a Woman is concern'd.

But since I have mention'd the Reverend Clergy, let me not traduce 'em without entring their Convents and Chapels, and examine what sort of private Devotion they practise; and I can assure my Friend whoever sees 'em in their cells, tho' they are zealous pretenders, and carry to the World such a Face of Austerity, will find nothing less than Mortification among 'em.

Consider,



Consider, My Friend, I am not speaking of all that are in Religious Orders, God forbid I shou'd accuse so solemn a Life with general Prophannes: No *Brunet*, I have a profound Reverence for that Monastick Holiness which inspires the greatest part of 'em; but yet as in all other Societies, there are even among these, some Corrupt Members which shame the Sanctity of our most Holy Communion, and are Weeds that ought to be torn from the Earth, and Rooted out from the Churches of the Faithful: I am now speaking of those abandon'd Hypocrites, who have other secret Causes for their entring into holy Orders, than Contrition and Repentance. That there are such, every Age hath inform'd us, and every Convent, or there wou'd be a little work for publick Scandal, or for Confession, and such severe Chastisemenas as are often exercised in 'em. It was my Fortune to be acquainted with some of these we are now speaking of, Brave Fellows, My Friend, Men who wou'd stick at nothing to gratifie their Appetites, or to serve a Companion. If a Husband or a Brother be in the way, they

they have devices to remove 'em, and such subtil Stratagems as will hardly admit of Opposition: That what I say is true, every *English* and *Dutch* Officer that's here will bear me witness, for there's hardly a Gentleman in the Navy that loves an Intrigue, and can part with his Money, but has been helpt by one Friar or other of his acquaintance. Tho' I am very much scandaliz'd at so great an infamy, whice gives occasion to our Adversaries to reproach us; yet in spite of all shame 'tis an absolute truth, and so much the more deplorable.

It may well be answer'd, if it shou'd be ask'd how these Vermin have a knack at Pimping above any other People, that by the power they have when they receive the confessions, they discover who are Corrupt; and having known that the rest is easy. And that these Villains are sometimes as successful in Debauching innocent Maids, as they are in continuing the pollutions of others already Defil'd, has been notoriously prov'd by Examples, that have occur'd to my particular knowledge; and the reason is plain, why the Priest-  
hood

hood is more mischeivous that way, because the doors of every Family lie open to them, and that reservation which Parents use in guarding their Children from all the World beside, is put by at the approaches of a Priest, who, wherever he comes, is as familiar as if he were one of the Domesticks. The liberty which they thus assume, as it is the particular priviledge of the Church, so it is very serviceable to 'em in their Designs of every kind, but principally to insinuate for Alms and Benevolences, in which they are so dextrous, that 'tis a hard matter to avoid 'em: For besides the Artifices they use by fair means, they have always the necessities of the Church to pretend, and when good words won't do, they have a Purgatory and Damnation to awe the unknowing Vulgar. I wou'd not say this of the *Roman* Clergy if I did not know it to be litterally true; for as I wou'd be thought impartial in my remarks of every thing I undertake to Relate; so in this particular I wou'd shun all detraction, and cover as much as I cou'd the nudities of the Catholick Communion; but to deal plainly



ly with a Friend, I found within these Holy Societies very much Corruption and Degeneracy ; I found Abstinence and Chastity, which are their Principal vows, no more than nominal Vertues, but I saw every where an egregious abundance of Slothfulness and Luxury, with a disguise of Hypocrisy to cover it, and to keep up the reputation of the Cloyster. I say not this universally of Religious Orders, it were pity if this should be generally true of these recluses ; without question, there are multitudes of Saints among 'em ; but granting that, yet 'tis beyond all controversy true, that they have extreamly degenerated from their first institution, and instead of giving themselves up to Works of Piety, and the study of the sacred Scriptures, as their Primitive Fathers did, they are sunk down into a Lethargy of Ignorance and Stupidity.

I believe, my Friend, it wou'd not be very difficult to find a reason for this Apostacy, when we consider, how easily they give admision to every lazy indigent Wretch that can give little or no Account of his Faith; taking the sacred  
Habit

Habit only to skreen him against the Gripes of Poverty, and the injuries of Fortune. But one wou'd think, notwithstanding all this, that among so many idle People, who have nothing to mind but their Prayers and their Study, that there shou'd not be a greater show of Learning, not to mention any thing else; but let *Brunet* believe what I now tell him, that in all the Conversation I have had with 'em, I scarce met with one in twenty, that had any other Language than that he was born with; or at the best, if his Practice at the Altar had furnish't him with some loose Fragments of Latin, it was commonly no more than wou'd serve to ask me what Country-Man I was, or to tell me how many Masses are said in a Day: Not but that there are some of 'em great Masters, but these are so few, that a Traveller may weary out his Patience, before he can meet with one who can satisfy his Curiosity in any question of importance.

The Jesuits are the only Order by whom the more polite Studies are incourag'd; of these indeed there are many great Criticks in all manner of Sciences, and 'tis with which Wisdom, that they are appointed the Missionaries to go Abroad, for the first thing they study, is Humanity, and that in the chief place fits 'em for these wonderful Expeditions which they are sent upon into the parts of the World. Besides this, they are perfect Proficients in all the parts of the Mathematicks, than which nothing can be more necessary for the conversion of the Eastern Nations, who are extreamly bigotted to Augury and the study of the Stars.

The Method which these cunning People have to recruite their Order with a succession of ingenious Men, is very remarkable; for in all Countries where they are, they ingross to themselves the Education of all the Youth; and when they find a Boy of a toward spritely wit, as it's easy out of sometimes a Thousand, as I have known  
in



in one School, they secure him to themselves, and bring him up to their Order. By these means they never want a supply of able Men to carry on their Designs, and to preserve their Superiority over every other fraternity.

At this time, I was recommended to make a Journey to a Monastery of Carthusians, distant some four Leagues from hence: My company was a *French* Merchant and a Religious of his acquaintance; so crossing the Bay, we rid it in two Hours, but after such a barbarous manner, that as bad as I love walking, it had been much for the advantage of my Bones, if I had footed it thro' all the bad ways.

Our Mules (for here are rarely any Horses) were some of them which alwaies ply at the landing Place, cover'd with Packsaddles instead of Padsaddles, and Rein'd with Halters instead of Bridles. The seats of these Saddles are as flat as a Cushion, but not half so soft; and the fall on each side

stretcht out so wide, that 'tis as bad as the rack to sit on 'em: And to all this the sawcy Muleteer, tho' there be but the Tail to ride on, will be sure to be up behind you, if you don't out gallop him, or threaten him with more than bare words. In this manner we went, and when we came within sight of the Monastery, we dismounted, giving our Mules in charge to the Owners, who footed it as fast as we rid. Here we took out a Bottle, and some Provision, and what was remaining after we had done, we sent to our Jockeys; but the proud *Spaniards* tho' they were ready to starve for Victuals, refus'd our leavings, and sent us back in answer, That if we thought 'em not good enough to sit down with us, they thought 'emselfes too good to take up with our Orts.

This was Demonstration beyond whatever I had heard of the Pride of these rascally Peasants; but indeed in every thing else that we had to do with 'em, we found 'em always the same

We

We entred the Monastery, and because I was mightily smitten with this superb Building, I can hardly forbear you giving its Description. I was so delighted with every thing I saw, that tho' I had seen that in *Lyons* which is justly counted the finest in *France*, I could not suffer any comparison between this and that, neither, in the Architecture nor Decoration.

Thro'out the World the Houses of this order are the most Magnificent of any and as much as they out-do all others, so much does this exceed all that I had seen of the same Foundation. The reason of this grandeur is evident, for they admit none into their Habit, but Persons of the highest Quality, who generally bring all, or the best part of their Estates in along with 'em, and dedicate 'em to the Monastery. This which we now speak of has such prodigious Revenues, that in a Year of scarcity, in the City of *Cales*, they undertook to supply that populous place with Provision of all kinds for Twelve Months out of their



own Magazines. The number of Fathers in the House was Originally limited to Thirty Three, but at this time, there were no more than Eighteen; and we were inform'd, there seldom are more, because of the rigid and insupportable severities of their Vows. We were likewise told, that when it was first Erected, the reputation of the House brought from all parts of the Kingdom, such as offer'd 'emselv's to it; but when they had a while groan'd under the rigours they were forc't to observe, they were no longer able to indure 'em; and because there was no returning to the World, they sent 'emselv's down to Hell by desperate and violent Deaths.

For five Days of the Week they are deny'd all Conversation, or so much as the sight of one another, only Tuesdays and Thursdays in the Afternoon they enjoy for their Relaxation, and 'tis upon these Days the House is open for Strangers to see: When we went in, we met with some of the Fathers coming out, they surpriz'd us e're we expected 'em, and I confess, I was never so terrify'd  
with

with the sight of human Creatures before. In their Faces they bear such marks of Austerity, and such Reverence, that to them who are affected with Solitude and Contemplation nothing cou'd be more moving. We were carry'd by our Guide to the apartment of the *Procurador*, and he entertain'd us very curteously with Wine, Oranges and Citrons, which grew in his own Garden. He had two Rooms to himself, as they all have, one for his Study and Refection, the other for his Dormitory. They eat nothing but Fish, but of that they have such variety, that they never want change either of what they are to eat, or the manner of dressing it: In the common Garden we saw a Fountain full of tame Carps, which at the call of the Feeder, wou'd put their Mouths above Water, and take their food from his Hand. The Duke of *Medina Sionia*, has a little House Built within the Walls, where he lies when he comes to his Devotion, tho he lives a good way off; invited here, I suppose

pose, by the Healthfulness of the Air,  
and the Beauty of the Monastery.

I cou'd say much more of this Noble Structure, for on such a pleasant Subject, 'tis harder to say little than a great deal; but I consider, that I have been already too prolix; and because here I found the best retirement, I took an afternoon to my self, to peice together my Prayers, and to fit 'em up to what you see they are. Therefore i'll shut up this Letter, only putting you in mind, that you are indebted now two to me, who am,

Yours,

R. R.

January,  
12th. 94.

L E T.



## LETTER III.

**I** Make hast to back my Second Letter with a miscellany of Observations which I made after my return from *Xeres*, because I wou'd not be thought idle, or forgetful of my Duty. And the first remark that occur'd, was that of the *Spanish* manner of Eating, and dressing their Meat: And certainly no People upon Earth enjoy 'emselves so little in their Appetites. Whether their Temperance be the cause of their ill Cookery, or their ill Cookery the cause of their Temperance, is a Question; for as the first is a Quality they value themselves upon, so the latter is a shameful Truth, for in all my Life, I never saw such Mammoth and Sluttish. Not that what they eat is in it self offensive, but between the Butcher and the Cook 'tis so miserably handled, that our Prisons wou'd hardly receive it: And yet 'tis a thing imposible to perswade a *Spaniard*, that they are not the

the only Nation in the World that knows how to eat well; if you object to him his Saffron, he tells you, 'tis Savory; if you find fault with his Oyl, he answers you, That Oyl was one of the Blessings of the Land of Canaan, but when you come to touch his Sacred Garlick, he brushes up his Whiskers, flies into a Rage, and wonders at your folly.

When the Table is cover'd, your Meal is serv'd up in Plates, or very small Dishes, and hewn into so many Diminutive Pieces, that your Knife may lye by till it grows into a Sword before you have occasion to use it; and if you should dare to call for a Fork, the good Man will stare at you as if your Temples were forked with a pair of Horns. I my self have been at an Entertainment, of no mean Figure, where we had all the service in Plate, but not a Fork to be seen, where above half the Company had not Knives, and of Twenty Dishes of Lenten Diet, Red Herring was the chief. The best on't is, the Wine is good, and

and the desert is excellent; and without much ado an honest Drunkard may make a plentiful Meal among 'em. That which, at the end of the Entertainment gave me the greatest surprise, was, to see a large Silver Basin brought in, that almost cover'd the Table, for every Body to wash together: And as with us 'tis counted rude to dip into anothers Glass; so here they count it rude not to dip altogether: when we wash'd, a Servant that stood at the end of the Table, threw a large Diaper Napkin among us, and every one took a part to wipe him.

I, who yet had an inclination for the fair Sex, was very uneasy that the good Woman of the House did not sit with us, and bring two Daughters she had, which were reported to be very pretty: My impatience to see those hidden Charmers, made me importunate with Don *Francisco Castiliano* to speak to the Man of the House to send for 'em; but he told me, such a request wou'd offend him, and he wou'd not by any means ask him; then



then I turned to an *Italian* Gentleman who sat next me, and he assur'd me, 'twas to no purpose; for he had lodg'd in the House two Years, and never had seen the Daughters, I was heartily vext at this nicety, and thought it a little uncourteous to disappoint a stranger's Curiosity.

And, now I am upon the Subject of Women, give me leave to make you what Description I can of them.

The better sort are very Beautiful, fair of Complexion, if compar'd with the Vulgar, for which there can be no better Reason, than that they stay altogether within Doors, and escape the injuries of the Sun and Weather: Of shape they are exceeding fine, and indeed that may be generally said of the *Spaniards* both Men and Women for to my remembrance, I never saw any there, either Deform'd or ill Made.

There is but one Day in the Year when they are allow'd their Liberty; and then 'tis so absolute, that a Woman may Cuckold her Husband to his Face,

Face, and defy every thing but his Dagger. On this Day (which is *Corpus Christi*) the Churches are all open, and a deal of fine Pageantry spread without the Houses to Solemnize the Festival. The Women walk the round of their Devotion to all the Churches and under the umbrage of that, commit those things which at another Season they have not the freedom to do: And I have been told, that they'll intrigue the Year round to finish it at that time, while their Husbands and Fathers are busy in the general Procession that takes up all their Leisure; nor are the *Duenna's* so dreaded for their watchfulness, able to prevent 'em. Besides the Beauty of their Persons.

Their dress is so singular, that a stranger must needs be pleas'd with it: Their Heads are not embarrass'd with Commodities, nor their Waists with Stays. On their Shoulders they wear lac'd Hankerchiefs, instead of Nightrails, and their Hair, which is the finest in the World, is richly pleated with Ribbons, and falls down to their Seats. The outside is yet far inferiour to what

is underneath, (for they affect] an outward show of gravity) but under their Waistcoats and Petticoats, they wear the most sumptuous Ornaments they can purchase. But the most singular fancy they have, is that of admiring little Feet, and to this end, they cramp their Children when they are Young, and as their Feet are straitned, their Legs are enlarg'd, which is likewise accounted graceful: I was offended at this Custom, and when at the Play-House I saw a Woman Act a Man's part, who had large Carman's Legs, I complain'd of it to my Friend, who told me, that was the only Beautiful Part about her. But tho' they take such pains to Beautifie their Feet they are extreemly shy of showing 'em, and 'tis held a Favour as great as any thing can be afforded, when one of 'em uncovers her Feet to show 'em; after this and a Kiss nothing is deny'd, for he who has these two, is Master of the rest of her Person.

The Men of *Spain* are not so fair as the Women, they are well in Shape and



and Stature, Active, but unwilling to show it: I need not say much of 'em, every History being particular in this, and every thing else that concerns the general Discription of the Country. Their Habit is for the most part the *Castilian*, tho' I observe, of later Years, they begin to affect the *French*, especially they in the *Maritime Provinces*, distant from the Court; or such as have been abroad; and as this dress is plain and cheap, so it is the most advantagious in the World to display the Elegancy of their Shapes, for every thing from the shoulders down fits to the Skin as close as the Skin does to the Flesh: But about the Neck they're always loose: One Reason of that, is, to show their Linnen, for tho' that is not very fine, yet 'tis of an excellent Colour, and the work which they bestow about the Neck and Hands is so amazing, that I really knew a Butcher in *Cales* that gave Fifty pieces of Eight only for making of his wedding Shirt.

Their

Their Beds are the worst that can be, stuf't only with Wooll, and quilted down; their Sheets no larger than Aprons, but alwaies clean and white; the Frames of the Beds are made to fold up like an Old Woman's Stool, and to be remov'd from place to place: Of these, I have seen Twenty in a Room, set close one to another, which tho' it makes the Chamber look like an Hospital, yet we found it very sociable.

Next to their Beds, the greaest plague was that of the *Musketoos*, these are a small kind of Flies, which in the Night buzzes about your Face, and stings most intolerably: Strangers never fail of being markt with 'em the first Night they lie a Shore, which makes 'em in the Morning look as if the small Pox was broke out upon 'em: Some have fine Gawze Netts to keep 'em off, but that's very rare.

Curtains here are as scarce as a shade about *Madrid* on a Sunshiny Day, hardly any to be heard of: And all the while I lay a Shore, I met but  
with

with one Bed so provided: The insides of their Houses are unhung, unless it be with Pictures, bare Walls being cooler, and the colour of these Walls is whiter than a Ladies Skin: They use no Chimneys, and rarely have their windows glaz'd; the two Reasons are, Glass is very dear, and very hot. The security of their Windows lies in the Iron Bars, before which they have a Lattice, which does as well as Glass.

The *Spaniards* are very Idle, and consequently much giv'n to Gaming: They know the use of Dice very well, but their chief Diversion is in Cards. *Ombre* is a Game as common with them as *Triumph* is with us, but the difference that is in every thing between them and others, is even in this most provoking, that as all People upon Earth deal the Cards to the left, they deal to the right, and handle 'em a quite contrary way to us and every Body. And now we are upon this Subject, I have a fair occasion of reckoning up the difference  
K of



of particular Humours between them and us.

And first in general, tho' we are parted but by a ridge of passable Hills; yet it wou'd seem, we live under a strange diversity of Constellations, for even in the Actions of the Soul we are quite different, as well as in those of the Body: for the *French* Man is Active and Mercurial, the *Spaniard* Speculative and Saturnine; the one Sociable and Discourfive, the other reserv'd, and full of Thought; the one so open, that you cannot hire him to keep a secret; the other so secret, that the Rack cannot force him to discover: Next in their Fashion and Apparel: The *French* go thin and open, as if there were continual Summer; the *Spaniard* so Wrapt and Cloakt, as if it were always Winter: The *French* Button downward, the other upward: The last constant to their Mode, the first more wavering than a Silk-Worm: The *French* walk as fast as if they were running from an Arrest; the

the *Spaniards* as slowly, as if they were newly come out of quartan Agues: The *French* Parade in clusters; the *Spaniards* never walk above two: The *French* as Airy, as if they were galliardizing in the Street; the other as solemn, as if they were marching in a Procession. Whence this prodigious discord shou'd arise is very unaccountable, whether by Antipathy, by Emulation, or Derision, or whatever it is, there's not such another instance upon the Face of the Globe. I might have added, That the *French* walk with Swords no longer than Woman's Bodkins, and the *Spaniards* wear 'em so long, that their Rumps seem as if they were Spitted. I was alarm'd at this excessive length, and it was told me, That the standard for a Blade was four Feet, but the Cutler always adds another Foot, and then they're about as long again as ours: And because this great length makes 'em awkward and hard to be drawn, they have contriv'd for the better dispatch of Execution, to have their Scabbards open from the Hilt to the

Chape, as if it were no more than a Case, and the upper end is lock'd with a Spring, which opens with a touch, and the too sides of the Scabbard parting, the Instrument of Death comes forth. To this unconscionable measure of their Swords, they have likewise great skill in Fencing, but after another manner than ours, for as we keep a Guard even with our Breasts, they keep theirs even with their Eyes, and the Arm a little bent at the Elbow, as our's is alwaies strait; and yet I seldom heard of Duels among 'em, but of Assassinations without number.

I am afraid, My Dear Brunet, of being too particular, lest I grow tedious, or else I could sit up a whole Winter's Night upon this one Topic of Assassinating: Let it suffice instead of more, that there hardly passes a Day here when we don't here of some new Murder committed the Night before, and yet the Authors are never inquir'd after, or never punisht: This Scandalous contempt



tempt of the Law arises from the implacable desire they have of revenging their injuries with their own Hands, and many times when a Court of Justice wou'd redress 'em, they Laugh at such a Proposal, and scorn to give away the opportunity of doing 'emselves right.

As to the Laws of *Spain*, I believe they are very well Executed, where the Churches claim does not interfere with it; they have many Courts of Judicature, and the method of Prosecuting Business is easier than any where else, for often a Trial is call'd and determin'd before the parties know any thing of the matter. I take the Rule to be thus: The Merits of both sides are got ready, and enter'd into some inferior Office, deputed by the Chief, where Officers wait for such purposes, and there being all that can be said by both Parties made out plainly, and what ever they can bring material, by their Witnesses, or any other Testimony summ'd up in order.

The depositions are packt up in two Bags among a Thousand more, and so sent to *Toledo, Sevil,* or some other Court, where they are carefully examin'd, and afterwards dispatch'd to their respective Countries, without sending for, or seeing the Parties or Witnesses.

In every House in *Spain* is the King's Picture, almost in equal veneration with the Virgin's and our Saviour's, tho' certainly he makes the worst Picture that ever I saw. His Face is Fair, Long, Lean, sunk in the Cheeks, sharp Chin, turning towards his Nose; his Nose Romaniz'd, great Ears, and his Hair most frightfully tuck'd behind 'em: His Eyes are good, his Body small, and his Legs every where alike: I inquir'd of his Disposition, and it was Answer'd, That he is infirm and apt to be disorder'd, That he is of an exceeding sweetness of Nature, fond of his People, Mild and a great Lover of Jestings: No correct Politician, nor very studious of Politicks, chusing

sing rather to rule by the indulgence of Nature, than the Maxims of Art: His Diversions are Comedies and Bull baitings; his Exercises, the great Horse and the Prayer Book, and his Dress the plainest in the Court: He Loves the Queen fondly, and She him, nor do the prejudices of their different Countries ever divide 'em, tho' sometimes the Factions of both sides are Clamorous. But the greatest unhappiness is, the want of an Heir, which tho' every Day Pray'd for, comes to nothing. This is an unspeakable Misfortune, and Ages yet to come may feel the Consequences of it.

*Spain* is crowded with as great number of Men of Quality as any Kingdom of Europe, excepting *Poland*, and with a Clergy of the best indowments in the World. And tho' the ordinary standing force of the Kingdom is not so great as that of *France*, yet without question the King can raise incredible numbers when he is heartily put to it.



And because I wou'd not say any thing without a Reason, I believe it may be easy to prove that this King can produce as numerous Armies as the King of *France*, if he wou'd pursue the same Course. For,

First, *Spain* abounds with a great many idle fellows, who had rather Starve than Work, and being all fond of wearing Swords, they wou'd gladly take the Title of Souldiers, if the King gave 'em incouragement.

In the next Place: They are so well affected to their King, that if his Affairs requir'd their Lives, they wou'd stick at nothing to serve him; and so fond of their own Liberties, that if there were danger of losing them, no constraint of Estates or Families cou'd keep 'em from their Arms: Again, His Provinces (tho' not so well peopled as those of *France*) are infinitely more, and larger, and if as the *Grand Seignior* does, he were to Levy so many Men out of every Village by the proportion of Estates, the

the amount wou'd be prodigious; but as he never had occasion to make so great a Muster, so to ease his People, he sits at as little charge as he can; his frontiers being Man'd with few Regiments, and the inner parts of his Empire requiring none. To this purpose, was the answer of a Courtier to a Stranger, who seem'd to wonder at so small a Guard as the King kept about him; for when the Stranger demanded, If that were all his Guard? The Answer was, Are not we all his Defenders? What need is there of more?

But the principal Augmentation of the *Spanish* Force, will arise from the assistance of the nobles, and the vast numbers they can bring of their Vassals and Dependants: And as this August Body Subsists entirely on the Crown by tenures of one kind or other, so it is at the pleasure of the Crown to command 'em to service, when any urgency presses it; and their territories and revenues being so spacious, it is thought, the least

Muster

Muster they can produce wou'd be  
 a Hundred Thousand. Add to this,  
 That the Clergy too, being for the  
 most part feudatory to the Crown,  
 and bound (though not personally)  
 to assist in the defence of the Realm,  
 their produce must be very considera-  
 ble. But as to the Noble Men, their  
 Services are the more certain, because  
 their Honours descend not *de jure* from  
 Father to Son, unless confirm'd to the  
 Son by the King's Acknowledgment  
 and Compellation, which makes them  
 more observant of him, than in *France*  
 or *England*, where it is demanded as  
 a Birth-Right; and because out of  
 the gross Body of these Noble Men,  
 the King honours some with the Ti-  
 tle of *Grandeess*, privileged to stand  
 covered before him, which being the  
 highest pitch of Grandeur the State  
 can give, it keeps those great Ones  
 in readiness to Obey his Pleasure, in  
 hopes of being sometime call'd to it.

Here it must be confest, that the  
 People of *France* are more Military,  
 and that the King of *France* has a  
 better



better Exchequer, and consequently his Armies are fuller; but consider, The King of *Spain* of late makes no Conquests abroad, and therefore is not necessitated to be always in Arms; and if his Exchequer be low, it is because he seldom Taxes, but slides on in Tranquility with his ordinary *Intrado*, and as well as he can, bears up, without oppressing his People: but if an unavoidable necessity threatens him, and he be forced to Arm as many as he can, 'tis beyond Controversy, That he can fill a *Campaign* to as great an extent as *France*, and saying That, I have comprehended any Kingdom in Europe. It may be subjoyn'd here, that his Country is naturally Strong, defended on one side by the *Pyrenes*, his shore every where guarded with good Forts, and the other side secur'd with difficult Approaches, good Garrisons, and the Warlike Nation of the *Catalans*: So that upon the whole, his charge is very easy, which is a happiness to himself and his Subjects.

Of

Of the Language of *Spain*, 'tis a comely Sonorous Majestick kind of speaking; 'tis generally the same all over the Kingdom, except in *Biscay*, where they still use their own Barbarous Original: but every where else 'tis the same, only distinguish'd in some remote Provinces, by idioms particular to every place; tho' in *Catalonia* and the contiguous Towns it is Corrupted into a sort of *Langue-dock*. It has a very near affinity with the Latin, the *Roman* Conquerors having here more than any where else, left their Language behind 'em: 'Tis not very hard to be learn'd, for foreseeing the usefulness of knowing it, I gave my self up to it, and in three Months I became so good a Proficient, that I understood every thing that was said.

But before I end this Miscellaneous Letter, take as near as I can Collect, all the vast Kingdoms and Dominions that make up the Body of this Magnificent Empire. In *Europe*, there is *Spain* it self, of two Thousand  
five

five Hundred Miles Circumference: *Catalonia, Naples, Millain and Flanders*. In the *Mediterranean*, the Islands of *Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, Majorca, Minorca, Ivica, and Fermentera*. In the *Atlantic*, the *Canaries, Madera, Cape Verde*, and some other small Possessions. In the *Oriental Seas*, the *Ladrones, Philippines*, and innumerable lesser Isles in *America*, almost the whole Continent, with the great Island of *California*; in *Africa, Centa, Maragan*, and several small Plantations in all the parts of the World; but there having been no Account publisht of 'em since the defection of *Portugal*, the List is not so exact as I cou'd wish it, but enough has been said to prove that the Crown of *Spain* has a larger tract of Land than any Monarchy in the World, amounting to more than Thirty Seven Thousand Miles in circuit: and as his Dominions on Land are of so great extent, so on the Coasts he has Harbours of the greatest security from Storms, and Forts of invincible Defence against an Enemy. And certainly nothing can be more delightful than to Sail up  
the



the *Mediterranean*, almost every where in sight of Land; the Country of *Spain* yielding the finest Prospect of any upon the Face of Nature, which appears charming to the Ships that go by because of the colour of the Soil, the numbers of the Towns, and the Beauty of their Buildings, the Houses being all Built of a white Stone, and so rais'd one above another, that every distinct House may be perceiv'd at a great distance; but this is not the Beauty of *Spain* alone, for all the Towns of *Barbary* are built in the same manner; above all, the lovely Town of *Algier*; which without doubt for the bigness, is the most delectable Fabrick upon the Ocean.

I might here inlarge my Letter, by reviving the old Records, which talk so ostentatiously of the great Actions that have been perform'd in this Country by the *Romans*, but I have been too tedious already, and as I intend this but as a Postscript to my last, and have all along said very little of the History of the Country, 'tis time I shou'd pay my Compliment and bid you adieu.

But

But before I shut up, and while it is in my Head, let me ease my Spleen against two things which I abominate here; one is the most odoriferous Custom of Watring and Dinging the Streets with what comes out of their Close-Stools; and this they do in such an outragious manner, that I have seen the high Streets of several Towns pav'd in a Morning with that soft matter, and a Tide of Urine rolling down the Kennels: But what is most wonderful, by Noon all this is all gone, and not the least appearance of all that Filth that we saw when we rose. The Air is so incredibly fine, that it rarifies whatever it meets with to prey upon; and the *Spaniards* hold it a Physical prevention thus to furnish the street with Matter for that voracious Planet, lest it shou'd prey upon their own Carcasses.

The other Offence, is the universal use of Oyl in every thing they dress, which is so venomously bad that it infects the Air around: and this is altogether the Sawce the ordinary People have; so that for a whole Streets length you shall see no sky for the thick Fog that  
that

that comes out of their Frying-Pans ;  
and that makes such an intolerable  
stink that I don't know any thing more  
nauseous.

When I was discoursing of their  
Pride, I might ha' told you that I have  
seen a Smith at work upon a Horseshoe  
with a Sword at his Side, and a Dag-  
ger behind him : His Man held the  
Shoe, and the Master (who never  
works but upon pressing necessities)  
gave it the finishing Stroke. They  
hammer their Iron all cold, and that's  
the Reason that a Horse need be shod  
but three or four times a Year.

I might ha' said something of their  
Gravity, and by how many ridiculous  
Affectations they wou'd be thought  
reserv'd and demure, but I have been  
as good as my word in making this a  
mad Miscellany, and I hope you'll par-  
don the Confusion,

I Remain

Yours R.

L E T.



## LETTER IV.

**A**T last I have the favour of yours, and the Account you send me, of the Great Exploits our Sovereign has Acted on the Continent, gave me Infinite Satisfaction: Certainly he's the greatest *Monarch* that ever came after *Augustus*, and if his Sea Expeditions had the same Success, there wou'd be nothing wanting to Chronicle him, the first, in all the Annals of Glory. But alas! When I Reflect on the Insults these People his Enemies, have made on this side of his Dominions, I am strangely Mortify'd; for without Complementing their Power, it must be acknowledged, that they have an Invincible *Navy*, and 'tis happy for us, that our Harbours Protected us from 'em, or there wou'd have been no safety from their Arms. The Fatal Defeat at *La Hogue*, is a bitter Evidence of this Truth, and I wish for the Glory of my King, we may never come so inopportunely into their Power again: What is there in the World but the Power of this Rival *English Monarch*,

L

*narch*, to Eclipse him? The *Genius* of that Prince is a Check to the Career of his Ambition; and tho' it never shall be said, that he can blot out the Honours of *France*, yet give me leave to say, his Emulous Gallantries Interpose a Cloud of Darkness before 'em, and make 'em less Visible to Impartial Judges: But to my Business.

About the Latter End of *April*, we Sail'd from the Bay of *Cales*, and there being Occasion to send a Scout a Cruizing, the General Order'd, that some of the *Britania's* Crew, shou'd be Ship'd Aboard Her, of which Number, I had the good Fortune to be One. This unexpected change pleas'd me, because I thought I shou'd see something more in a Cruizer, than by Remaining where I was, for the great Ships scarcely put in any where, while the Frigots are in continual Employment, and I was not mistaken in my Opinion.

Being now Shipt anew, I shew'd my self very forward, in whatever was to be done, partly to get to my self a good Character, but chiefly that I might be in the Opportunities of seeing all Adventures; we had not been long from the *Fleet*, e're we took a small Bark, and tho'

tho' this was no extraordinary Prize; yet it gave us occasion to put into *Tangier*, the only thing in the World that suited with my Curiosity. There being a War, between the *English* and the *Moors*, we durst not come in near the Shore, but Anchoring about a League without, we saw a Pinnace making towards us, under a White Flag; the Signal of Peace. Immediately the Captain order'd his Barge to be Mann'd, and his White Flag to be Hoisted; and putting a Lieutenant in Her, he Commanded him to meet the *Tangerine*, and Complement him in Civil Terms. The Lieutenant obey'd his Instructions, and being Met, he deliver'd by an Interpreter, the Business of his Errand, and after Mutual Civilities they parted.

Soon after, a Gentleman from the Town, came aboard; with a Present to the Captain, of Mutton, Kid, and other Provisions, which he Returned in *English Glasses*, Racking *Bottles*, and other Toyes, which were very acceptable to the Mahometans. They then Treated about the Prize, and she was Bought and Sold, in half an Hour.

The City of *Tangier* makes a fair Prospect to the Sea; It was Abandon'd



don'd to *Alphonso*, K. of *Portugal*, in the Year 1471, after his Succesles at *Arzila*, and has been ever since in their Possession, till *Katherine* had it for part of her Dowry, and it now being in the hands of the *English*, the *Moors* thought it easier to be recover'd, by being so far distant from it's Master; and accordingly they fell to Work under the Conduct of that Tempestuous General *Gaylan*; who after several Defeats which he Received, and the loss of his own Brother, at last Play'd the *English* so foul a Trick, that in an Ambuscade, which he made for the *L. Tiveott*, the *English* General, he cut to Pieces most of the Garrison, and the General himself. 'Tis Built on a Rising Ground, of White Stone, and seems to be well Fortify'd: The Hillson both Sides are Guarded with Walls, and before it is a *Peer*, Rebuilt by the *Moors*, after it was Demolisht by the *English*. You may remember this City was once in Possession of *England*, being part of the Dowry of the Sister of *Portugal*, who was Married to *Charles* the 2d, then King of *Great Britain*; but the continual Assaults of the *Moors*, kept 'em always in Alarm, and after a Thousand Skirmishes, it was found too Great a Charge, for

for that Remote Island to be every Year sending Succours to releive it; and I am perswaded, that it is Impossible for any *European* Nation to be long Master of it, since the Provinces under the *Emperor* of *Morocco*, are so much Improv'd in the Art of War, by those Instructions they have receiv'd by the *French*; who are at this Day in all their Camps. I need not say what Advantage it wou'd be to him if our *Monarch* had it in his Hands; for 'tis a better Curb to the passage into the *Mediterranean*, than any on the *Spanish* Shore; but I Prophecy, that whosoever undertakes to Besiege it, will be Losers by more then their Cost; and I doubt not but in time, those *Moors* will Recover the rest of their Country out of the Hands of the *Spaniards*; who are now Possess but of *Centa*, and Two more small Towns, of all the Coast which was once theirs.

And now I have mention'd *Centa*, let me say something of that, more than *Trojan* Siege; which has already lasted Six Years, and is like to Last as many more. I know the World has Lookt upon this Siege, with some Contempt, both of the Besiegers, and the Besieg'd; because in so many Years time, there is neither One way nor other, any

Period put to't, neither the Town Conquer'd by the *Moors*; nor the *Moors* beaten from before the Town: But let us see, if there may be an excuse made, for the slow Progress of the *Moors*, or the weak Defence of the *Spaniards*.

In the first place, the Camp of the *Moors* (according to what the *Musters* amount in general) never consists of more than 15000 Men, and they a Medley of Divers Nations, collected into that great *Empire*, who till of late knew nothing of the Modern way of Besieging. 'Tis true, the *Engineers* are mostly *French*, and whatever little Success they have already had, must be ascrib'd to them: I don't know if it be worth your Hearing, what the Current Opinion is concerning this Undertaking; but I have heard that the General, who has the Command of the Siege, had formerly committed some Unpardonable Crime, and it was given him in Choice, either to enlarge the City of *Macchaneffs*, the 2d Metropolis of the *Empire*, to Redeem *Centa* out of the Hands of the *Spaniards*, or in the 3d place, to Forfeit his Head: Tho' I believe this to be a Fable, yet so much of it is True, that if the General miscarries in his Design, his Head will



will be in good earnest Forfeited, to the *Emperor's* implacable Resentment: For he rarely Pardons any who fail of what they Undertake.

In the 2<sup>d</sup> place, the Kingdom of *Morocco*, is but very ill supply'd with Ammunition: We all know they wou'd be Bartering with all the Courts in Europe, for Arms, and other Necessaries of War; but 'tis not the Interest of any *Christian* King, to put into their Hands the Power of Injuring their Trade, and making Insults on their Coasts: So that they have little of Warlike Provision, but what they get from the *Dutch*, who will Traffick with any People for their own private Interests, tho' all their Neighbours are to Suffer for their Avarice. By this Indigency of Military Stores, it follows, that their Attempts in War must be less Vigorous. Besides this, the Garrison is strongly Fortify'd towards their Camp, and it being open at Sea, for Succours to be continually pour'd in, their Opposition of the Garrison must consequently be great, and their Sallies frequent and Numerous. To add to all this, *Morocco* is perpetually in War with the Re-publick of *Algiers*, and being a little Preft in that, they are less at leisure to regard this.

On

On the other Hand, if it be Objected to *Spain*, that they are too remiss, now they have little else to do, that they don't drive their Enemies from before their VValls, and Dislodge such a Confusion of Vagabonds, it may be answer'd, That, as they are but on the defensive, they have no more to do, but to prevent 'em from making any considerable Progress; and tho' it wou'd be highly necessary for their Honour and Interest, to Raise the Siege; yet the *Exchequer* of *Spain* is always kept so low, that they have hardly Mony to Pay their Soldiers; and of course, the Work must go on with little Resolution: Besides, they who are sent thither, are for the most part such who are taken out of the Streets, and sent into the Service, and who must needs be a great while Training up, and Disciplining, before they can be made fit for a Sally. The Governour is a Grandee of *Spain*, and a Gentleman of Gallantry, but wanting a Force of Men and Mony to answer the Necessities of so long a Siege, he is able to do little: His Lady is an English Woman, Sister to the present Duke of *Norfolk*, the first Peer of that Kingdom; and when our Ship came before the Town,

Town, the Captain went ashore, and was entertain'd with a hearty welcome by her and her Lord. When the Entertainment was over, the Governour took all the English Gentlemen, and shew'd 'em the Moorish Camp, & to do the K. of *England* Honour, in the Persons of those his Subjects, he caused to be planted on the walls the Royal Standard of *Great Britain*, which when the *Moors* saw, they wonder'd what it meant. The French could presently inform 'em what it was, and by that Signal, supposing there were English Strangers in the Garrison, they fell to Firing and Bombarding, as if now they were in a humour of taking the City by Storm, and soon made the Ramparts too hot for the Curiosity of the Beholders. Then they fell to't Pell-mell, both from the Garrison and Camp, and this Fury lasted on both sides, all that Night, and part of the next day, and for several hours sailing we heard 'em still at it. *Centa* was taken by the *Portuguese* in the year 1415, and was annex'd with the rest of the Dominions of the Crown of *Portugal*, to the Monarchy of *Philip* the Second of *Spain*; but when



when *Portugal* recover'd her self out of her Usurper's Power, most of her *Colonies* abroad deserted the *Spanish* Yoke, except this Garrison, and some Islands in the *Atlantick* and *Eastern* Seas.

Next morning we join'd the Fleet, and we who had been remov'd, were now restor'd to our own Ship.

After some days Sailing, we came up to *Barcelona*, where we all Anchored; And now the *Catalauns* began to treat us like Friends; for as soon as we arriv'd before the City, we were saluted with all the Guns, and they were answered with as many of ours. The Vice-roy, who was the *Marquess de Leganez*, came Aboard us, with a considerable Pomp of Barges and Equipage, and the General receiv'd him with great satisfaction: At his debarquing, he was complemented with all the Guns of the English Fleet, except of one Squadron, who (for some private Reason) did not fire: The next day he visited the *Dutch* Admiral, and at his Departure was saluted with all their Guns.

The City of *Barcelona* is the Capital of the Kingdom of *Catalonia*, an ancient City, it being formerly called *Bar-sino*, and then a Roman Colony, inhabited

bited by a more industrious People than the *Spaniards*; for here they are all employ'd in one Occupation or other; and though the King favours 'em with larger Privileges than any other of his Dominions, yet 'tis with much difficulty they are kept in their Allegiance: The Reason of this is, because the Power of *Spain* can't preserve 'em from the Invasions of the *French*, who are their near Neighbours, and upon every opportunity, molest 'em in their Trade. This Country has at all times been very apt for Mutinies, and Popular Com-motions, being as nearly related to the *French*, by the disposition of their Humours, as they are by their Scituation, and to prevent 'em from revolting, the King caresses 'em with great Immunities, and when that fails, he has a standing Force to awe 'em into Subjection.

In this City, there are (as near as I can remember) about 30 Monasteries of both Sexes, well endow'd, besides some Churches, and a Cathedral of great Ostentation. The Vice-king's Palace is a large plain Structure, neither well built, nor well furnish'd, tho' the Spanish Historian *Mariana* commends it highly, tho' he never saw it; it stands  
at

at the side of a great Square, which is the *Parade* of the *Militia*: The other Buildings are high and fair, and the Shops of the Citizens display a great deal of Wealth. 'Tis here, that the Gallies of *Spain* are laid up, there being an excellent Mole to shelter 'em from ill Weather, and convenient Houses to lay 'em up in the Winter. At this time all the Galleys, as well of *Scicily* as *Spain*, were together; and it must be confest, spite of all Detraction, that the King of *Spain* is well provided with such sort of Navigation: These Galleys are sumptuously deck'd, and carry one with another between 50 and 60 Oars, mann'd with four Slaves each, who are chain'd to their Seats, and stript to the Skin. I believe there might be about 30 in all, which being together, side by side, made a fine shew, and surpriz'd us with pleasure, when we turn'd short into the Mole to go ashore. The Command of these Vessels is held superior to the Command of Men of War, and the Captain of each is a Man of Quality, and the General, a Duke.

On the Shore, before the Mole, the Nobility and Gentry of the City (which are very numerous) take the  
Air



Air every Evening, where one may see at one time a 100 Coaches lin'd with the Beauty of the Country, whom the Cavaliers wait upon on Horse-back, and gallant with more than *Spanish* Gallantry. The City is wall'd round, and mounted with brass Canon, formerly in such a Number, that there were reckon'd above 300 round the Works, but there are not half so many now, the rest having been taken down by some of the former Vice-roys, who represented to the King, that they were disabled and unfit for Use, tho' in reality they were very good, and so converted 'em to their own Advantage. The *M. de L—* has been a Notorious Offender this way, and when he was depos'd from his Government, he feign'd himself mad, to elude the Examination they were going to make, and so escap'd an Account.

There is not in the world better Artillery than is in the Dominions of the King of *Spain*, and this is so strong a Temptation to the covetous Governors, that they are every year diminish'd under one Pretence or other, and put into their Pockets. What can be a greater Demonstration of the Remissness of the *Spanish* Government?

After

After some little stay here, the Fleet weigh'd, and stood to the East-ward, their design being to Bombard *Toulon*, or *Marselles*, and to burn the Ships: It was ( my Friend ) good sport to me, to see 'em go about a Project which was like to cost 'em so much trouble to so little purpose. I knew it would be in vain to attempt any thing against either of those Harbours; and I was well pleas'd to find they had contriv'd an Expedition, which wou'd turn to their own Disgrace. Soon as we reacht the Latitude of *Toulon*, there was an Order for all the Long Boats, and Pin-naces, to be Arm'd, and the Rear Flag of *Red*, was Hoisted Aboard a 3<sup>d</sup> Rate, to Conduct this *Diminutive Armado*, with-in the Isles of *Hieres*; but before this was put in Execution, a small Frigot was sent in to Spie the Condition of the Enemy, who made a quick Return, having with much ado, escaped the Gallies, who were sent after Her, and Reported to the General, that it was Impracticable to Attempt any thing there, the Harbour being Lin'd with invincible Forts, and a Stout Resistance provided round the Shore: This Disappointment Gall'd 'em shrewdly, but then  
turning

turning their Design towards *Marselles*, the General Detacht other Frigots, to Discover where it was most convenient to Enter, who came back with the same Account they had done from *Toulon*, adding, that they were every where so Impregnable, that twou'd be but to Sacrifice their Ships, and their Lives to Assault 'em.

Thus being on all sides prevented, we with-drew further off, and Cruiz'd off the Isles; when a Furious North-West Blew us quite out of Sight of Land, and put us to a Necessity of Shifting for our Safety. This Storm continu'd for a Fortnight, and was so Violent, that the Birds were blown from Shore, and came to Rest their Weary Wings, on the Decks, and Rigging of our Ships. These Poor Creatures were Grown so Tame, with Famine, and Fateigue, that it was an easy matter to take 'em with our Hands; and there was hardly a Ship that had not Quails, and Turtle Doves, sitting on their Yards. The Tempest continuing still Obstinate, and the Sea Running High, as it always does in the Gulph of *Lyons*, at length it was Determin'd to stand before it, and Steer for the Island of *Sardinia*; there was  
a Ne-



Necessity for this, for we began to want Water extreamly; and in few daies Arriving there, we Anchor'd in an open Road, within four Leagues of *Cagliari*. Here we found a Fresh Stream, that Supply'd us immediately; and when we had been a while at an Anchor, the Country *Peasants* brought down Provisions in such Plenty, that now all the *Maryiners* Fed upon Fresh Meat.

*Sardinia*, is an Island near adjoining to *Corfica*, opposite to the Re-publick of *Genoa*, and the Dukedom of *Tuscany*; the People of both Islands are Account-ed Barbarous, but we found 'em quite otherwise, unless we Value their Capacities by the Good Bargains we made, and count 'em Fools because they Sold us Good Penny-worths: They are indeed Notoriously Ignorant, and Superstitious, but far from being such Savages as they are Accounted in History; and unless the Character belongs to the *English*, who Riffled and Pillag'd the Poor Wretches, I don't know of any Barbarity I saw while I was abroad. The *English*, to give 'em their Due, are exquisite at that sort of Mischief; for when they had any of those Poor Creatures in their Power, they made no Conscience

science of Plundering them of what they had, and turning 'em loose to Nakedness and Beggary. I'll give you one Instance of this Kind, because I wou'd not fix a Scandal on a People without good Reason; and that is thus.

Two Souldiers having got Leave to go a Shore, under pretence of Buying Fresh Provision, bethought 'em selves of a Cheaper way of being Supply'd, than by their Mony, and Marching up into the Country, came to a Poor Peasant's House, who Liv'd Far from Neighbours, an Honest, Simple VVretch, who Fed and Clothed himself with the Profits of his own Industry, and kept about his House all that he was worth in the VVorld: It was this Poor Man's Unhappiness to be at Home, when those Stroalers entred his House without any Ceremony, who seeing a strange People within his Doors, Imagin'd 'em to be some of the *English*, who, he had heard, were come into their Country, and designing to Treat 'em with what he had, he offer'd 'em the Bounty of his House, sparing nor Meat, nor Wine, nor any thing that cou'd expresse his Satisfaction of seeing 'em there: After he had given them of what he had, and they had Glut-

M

ted

ted with all sorts of Plenty, he loaded 'em with Fruits and other Good things, and Offer'd 'em what Accommodation he cou'd make for their Lodging, if they wou'd be so kind as to stay with him that Night: They likeing well their Entertainment, thought this was a good Opportunity to Enrich themselves, and making their way up stairs in a Riotous manner, they amazed the unwary Landlord, who cou'd not guess what they meant by Running up and down, in such Tumultuous Hast: But the Poor amazed fellow, who saw himself going to be Undone by these Rogues, made what Opposition he cou'd to hinder 'em, and as he Struggled, and Pray'd, that they wou'd offer him no Violence, one of the Villains with his Dagger, Stabb'd him to the Heart, and laid him Dead at his Feet, and when they had committed that Execrable Deed, they Stripp'd the House bare, and marcht away with the Spoils of their Villany. This Bloody Action was afterwards made known to the *Vice-Roy*, who Demanded Justice of the General, the General making inquiry after the Criminals, found 'em out, and Sentenc'd the Principal to Death: When this was Reported to the

the



the *Vice-Roy*, he Desir'd no greater Satisfaction than to see 'em Condemn'd; and being a Man of Generosity, himself interceded for their Lives, only desiring they might be made sensible of their Crimes, but that they might not be Executed. The General with some Regret, granted his Request, but wou'd not let the Murderers yet know what had been determin'd; so appointing a day for the Execution of the Principal, and the Punishment of the other after the Military manner, they were drawn out under a Strong Guard, and a Battalion was Commanded ashore to attend the Execution: And now behold a turn, and the Justice of Providence on the Guilty Malefactor. The Russian who gave the Fatal Blow, was pinnion'd, and upon his Knees ready for Death, which he was to receive from a File of Muskets, drawn out for that Purpose; and his Companion plac'd close by him to Suffer the Terror of his Execution: He who Headed the Battalion, and carry'd the Pardon in his Pocket, gave Orders that the Musketeers shou'd not Fire, till he made the Signal; but that all the Ceremony shou'd be made to Terrifie him a while with the Prospect of his

M 2                      Death;

Death, the Lieutenant who had charge of the File, knew nothing of the Pardon, but supposing he was to be Shot, according to his Sentence, gave the Signal for Firing, without asking any further Direction, and in a Moment the Murderer was Torn to Pieces. Judge now my Friend of the Precipitancy of these *English*, but chiefly of the Divine Justice, that wou'd not let such a Notorious Offender Escape the Punishment of his Blood-shed. The other Delinquent was Punisht at the same time, tho' not by Death, and the Blood of the Murder'd Peasant so far atton'd: The Officer who Commanded the File, was Broke for his Rashness, and the Colonel that shou'd have taken more care, was made Prisoner, but soon afterwards Releas'd.

The City of *Cagliari* is the chief of the Island, exceeding strong, and the Seat of the *Vice-Roy*; this formerly was accounted so Noble a City, when *Gracchus* took it for the Use of the *Romans*, that *Florus*, by way of Excellency, call'd it *Urbs Urbium*, tho' afterwards it was demolisht by the same *Gracchus*, to disable the Natives; but in more settl'd times it was Re-built, and a second time Taken by  
the

the *Saracens*, and at last restor'd by the *Pisans* to it's Primitive Lustre. I never in all my Life, saw so plentiful a Market as here, nor every thing Sold at so cheap a Rate; a dozen Chickens might be bought for a Shilling, a Kid for 2, a Mutton for 4, and a Beef for a Pound, all excellent in their kind. It was evident, this proceeded from the Scarcity of Money among 'em, as well as from the plenty of the Market; for the ordinary People were so little conversant in Money, that they hardly knew the different Species of Coyn. Yet here, as well as in *Spain*, 'twas easy to discover the Natural Pride that is in all, who have any Relation to the Crown; and one unanswerable sign of it, is, that notwithstanding their wondrous Simplicity, their Poverty, and abject Condition, they esteem 'emselfes beyond the *Spaniards*, in Riches and Power: and as in *Spain*, the Natives of *Galicia*, value 'emselfes above all the provinces of the Kingdom, so here, they triumph over the *Galicians*, in the same degree of Self-destinction. But certainly nothing can be more ridiculous than this Vanity; for there's not the least pretence for such a Comparison, not even in the Fruitfulness of their



Country, which is their chief Glory; for tho' their Corn Harvests are very successful, and they swarm with variety of all Living Food, yet they are so unlearn'd and ignorant in Commerce, that their Neighbours on all sides fetch away their Commodities for half the Value, & leave the inhabitants, nothing but the disgrace of being cheated, and ready to Starve in the midst of Plenty.

One thing I observ'd, from the top of a Steeple, which was very remarkable; 'twas a lake of about a mile in circumference, which the Sun seem'd to have diminish'd from twice that Compass, and to have candy'd all the edges round it into an excellent white Salt: I enquir'd of our Guide, if the City made use of the Salt, but he told me, that the Physicians held it to be unwholsome, and forbade the eating it, under the Penalties of Fluxes, and Feavers; but that indeed the better reason was, that there were several salt Works in the Town, and twou'd be a fatal disappointment to the Proprietors of these Works, who paid dear for their Licences, if this were used, and that the Physicians were in Fee to Cry it down. I was satisfy'd with the latter Reason, knowing the  
first

first to be a fiction; for what cou'd there be of malignity in this Lake, more than in that Rock of Salt, a little to the Eastward of *Barcelona*, which was so Fine, and White, that the General himself used no other at his Table?

The great Church here, is very Old, and very Stately; the outside and Roof, seem'd to me like the *Musaeum* in *Oxford*, and because I had once seen that in my Ramble thro' *England*, I gaz'd at this with the greater delight. The rest of the sacred Buildings are less magnificent than in *Spain*; but beneath all, the Royal Palace is the most humble Piece of Grandeur (If you'll pardon the *Solecism*) that I ever saw. 'Twas Large, tis true, but in no other respect, suitable to the Pride of such a People; for a private Gentleman of *France*, wou'd be asham'd to have such a House, accounted the Seat of his abode, or indeed of his Retirement. Some half a score ragged tawdry fellows, are the *Vice-Roy's* Guard, and these so miserable, that the *English* Sailors made sport of 'em, when they wou'd hinder 'em from Entering. But to make amends for our disappointed Curiosity, we found the *Vice-Roy*, a Gentleman of so much Courtesy, that there

was not the least appearance in him of that fullen Pride, which is natural to the *Spaniards*, tho' he was a *Spaniard* Born, and Educated in the Court, the Original of all Vanity. He liv'd in no manner of Majesty, which for his sake we Lamented, and thought it pity a Man of such Merit, shou'd not enjoy all the Honours of his Place, and we heartily wish'd him better Fortune. I don't know how to urge it upon him, for a weakness that which he did out of an excess of affability, and good Nature: I must own I did think it beneath the dignity of so exalted a Station, to do what he did, but as he did not seem to want sence to know his Distinction, and the quality of his Royal Office, so it must be understood the Effect of complacency to Gentlemen of a Forreign Nation which was in alliance with his Master. The thing I speak of was this, That when some *English* Officers came ashore, he sent his Coaches to bring 'em up to his Palace, where He himself stood ready to receive 'em, I my self was one of the retinue, and saw every thing that past. When they were within the House, he accosted 'em one by one, and the first civilities being over, he led 'em him-  
self



self from Room to Room, quite throughout the Palace, Naming, by particulars, what every Apartment was, omitting only that, where his women were, which was not open. This, and other Condescensions of the same Nature, was, what lookt very odly to the *English*. But if we consider the Satisfaction that must arise to him, by seeing strangers in his Government, who were come to defend his Master's Country, and the few opportunities he had of conversing with any but his own People, we can't blame him for the Pleasure he took in serving 'em.

The Women here are in no Comparison with them of *Spain*, they have indeed in their Conversation, a freedom more engaging than the *Spanish* Ladies have; but even in that they are so awkward, that a Man of ordinary Gallantry, wou'd hardly find an inclination for an amour with 'em. The Women of *Spain*, tho' they are in Publick more Reserv'd, have yet Infinite Charms, to make amends for the Toil of coming at 'em; and as they are very Beautiful (I mean the better sort, for the rest are all *Gipsies*) so they have such an insinuating Wit, that a Man of intrigue, may be exceedingly

exceedingly delighted with 'em. But the *Sardinians* are the most stupid Jades in the World, not, I believe, that they want a Force of Inclination equal with others, but they want that address to set off, and to engage the Hearts, as well as the Persons of their Lovers, which the *Spanish Ladies* excel in.

After the Fleet had Water'd, they prepar'd for their return Down: In the Night we pass'd between the Isles of *Majorca* and *Minorca*, and before the shutting in of the Evening, we made the Land, and it appear'd so like that of *Catalonia*, that we thought we had been upon the Continent sooner than we expected; but finding our selves here, some were of opinion, we had Steer'd a wrong course. Next Day we reacht *Barcelona*, and now it was talkt of, as if here we were to take up our Winter Quarters; at least, that the Four Regiments which we brought from *England*, shou'd quarter here with the 7000 *Germans* we took in at *Final*. I had forgot to tell you, that it had been agreed by the Confederate Princes, to lay Siege to some *French* Garrison in *Catalonia*, and to that end, 7000 *Germans* were detach'd from the Armies on the *Rhine*, under the

the Command of the Prince of *Hesse*, to joyn the *English* and *Spanish*, who were already in the Field, in the Leaguer of some important place; which afterwards prov'd to be *Palamos*: The *Germans* being arriv'd at *Final*, some *English* and *Dutch* Transports were sent to take 'em in; and when they joyn'd the Fleet, the Gallies were order'd out of the Mole to attend us, and to carry ashore such who were to disembark.

At this time there was an Order for some of the great Ships to be sent back to *Cales*, and there to Joyn others who were cast for *England*, and together to make the best of their way home: The remaining part of the Fleet Steer'd for *Palamos*, and being come before it, the Army landed, and joyned the *Spaniards*, who were about 18000 Horse and Foot: The *Germans* being 7000, and the *English* 4000, when they were together, they made up a Considerable Body. The *French* were about the same Number, and hearing that the Enemy intended to Besiege *Palamos*, they marcht their Army within Sight of the Town, and of the Confederates. Both Armies now being in view of one another, seem'd to Watch each other for the Rising Blow,  
but



but neither caring to Fight, the Town was invested, and the Siege begun. I need not acquaint you with the general Story of the Siege, without question you have Read it in the Prints, but I can't forbear telling what a hideous sight this *Spanish* Army was: They had about 4000 Horse, which was their only Serviceable Body; for the Foot was the most Miserable rout of Vagabonds, that ever took the Field. They had neither Cloaths, Arms, nor Provision; the *English* out of Compassion supply'd 'em with what they wanted, but they made no use of any thing but the Food. Among such a Number, there were not 1000 Tents in all, but the greatest part of 'em lay on the parcht Earth without any Covering but the Heavens. However, with the *Germans* and the *English*, the Siege was carry'd on, and in 5 days, even in sight of their own Army, the *French* quitted the Garrison, and dismantled all the Works.

There being nothing more to do, the *English* embarkt again with the loss of half a Score Killed, and about 40 Wounded; tho' they Sustain'd the Fire of the Garrison, and were the principal cause of it's desertion; when we returned  
to

to *Barcelona*, we heard the Camp was broke up, not without a Battle which the *French* forc't upon the *Spaniards*, in which, as the *Spaniards* themselves report, they had the better; and you may be sure there was nothing wanting to Celebrate the pretended Victory with the greatest Ostentation. It was a Deplorable Spectacle, afterwards to see those Naked Wretches come home, without Cloaths, or Arms, and almost Famisht with Hunger: And tho' it may be suppos'd, the Infantry had but a small Share in the Fight, yet they spar'd not to give out, that they alone had defeated the *French*, and overthrown all the Glory of *France* down to the Ground.

The Prince of *Hesse*, at his entring *Barcelona*, had all the Honours that were due to his Character and great Services; and afterwards for a Reward of his Signal Performances, was possest of the *Vice-Royalty* of that Kingdom. But the *Catalauns* (who are an uneasy People) grew Emulous of his Power, and were busy to Prejudice him, in the Favour of the Court, and to mis-represent him; which they did at last, with such Success, that he had much ado to preserve his Government, but that he had a Party at Court,  
and

and the Queens Inclination to support him, and even with all his address, he had much ado to keep himself upright, against the frequent Complaints of the *Catalonians*; and the Kings Indulgence to 'em.

The Fleet now Steer'd for the *Straits* Mouth, and when they were opposite to *Algier*, the *Dutch* Squadron, which was alwaies to Wind-ward, saw two Ships of that Republick, which stood into the Fleet, to pay their Complement to the *English* General, his Country being at Peace with the Re-publick, but the *Dutch* at War: After they remain'd one Day and Night among us, they Saluted and were dismiss. The *Dutch* Admiral seeing an Opportunity of two such considerable Prizes, made the Signal for two of his Men of War to give 'em Chase; who with some difficulty came up with 'em, and brought 'em to their Fleet. The *English* General was highly exasperated at his breach of Discipline and Hospitality; he knew that as the *Dutch* were absolutely under his Command, that this was an insolence he could not Pardon, and that the Admiral might know he resented such an Affront; he sent an Officer to  
order



order him to release 'em, but the Obstinate Churl refus'd, returning in answer, that they were the Enemies of his Country, and that he wou'd keep 'em. The General having more Consideration than to use any means of Violence, became his humble petitioner, and in the Language of Humility, besought him, that as they had put 'emselfes into his Protection, and came but with a design to pay their friendship to the King of *England*, that he wou'd suffer 'em to pass unmolested, and that he wou'd answer it to the States, his Masters: So after much Intreaty they were discharged.

Almost such another Punctilio of Honour was disputed between the French Envoy at *Algier*, and the Captain of an English-man of War, who was sent there to renew the Peace between *England*, and that Re-publick; for when the Man of War arriv'd, which was a Ship of 70 Guns, the Envoy told the *Dey* she was but a Frigot, and that all the Ships of *England* were no better: The Captain hearing how the *Dey* had been abus'd, waited on him, and told him the Envoy had imposed upon him; and for his satisfaction, begg'd that he  
would

would do him the Honour of his presence Aboard her: The *Dey* consented, and after a splendid Entertainment, the Captain took him to view her all over, and the *Dey* in his own Person counted all her Guns one by one, and found 'em, as the Captain had told 'em, 70. When he saw the Deceit, he was enrag'd at the Envoy, and at his Return, sent for him in the presence of the Captain; and being come, the *Dey*, with his open Hand, hit him over the Face, spit at him ( which are the highest Marks of Infamy in these Countries ) and turn'd him out of Doors. I had at first some Suspicion of the Truth of this Story, but when I heard, that it was carry'd to *France*, and that our King Repented, and threatned to Revenge it, it was no longer to be doubted. I was extreamly mortify'd at this pitiful shift of our Envoy's, and am heartily sorry his Zeal made him so indiscreet: Our Master has no need of such impostures, and if he had punisht his Minister instead of menacing the *Dey*, his Justice had been more commendable. Our Passage down was now a delight, we kept near the Shore, and had the Pleasure of beholding the Country all the way we Sail'd:

Sail'd: From a wonderful distance, we perceiv'd the Hills of *Granada*, alwaies cover'd with Snow, tho' they lay in the Hottest Region of Europe.

In *Murcia*, is the City of *Cartagena*, first Built by *Asdruball* of *Carthage*, as a receptacle, for Men and Mony, arriving from *Africk*; Scituate in a *Peninsula*, but so impreguably Fortify'd in the time of *Scipio*, that but for a Stratagem he wou'd never have taken it: Memorable likewise for the Piety of that General, who wou'd not see those *Spanish* Beauties, which were presented to him, lest they shou'd betray him to Incontinency. By *Constantine* it was made the chief City of the Province, which took its Name from it; but this not being intended for a History, I have done. 'Tis now a Populous and Beautiful City, well Fortify'd, and has a good Harbour. I shou'd have mention'd *Alicant* in the Kingdom of *Valentia*, famous for the Wines it sends to all Parts. Over this City is a Castle on the Top of a Prodigious High, and Steep Hill; 'tis a hard Journey to't, if you set out at Noon, as we did, and when you are in it, you meet with very little to reward your Labour: the only thing I

N

Re-



Remember worth Writing, is, that at our going in, our Company were stript of their Swords, but had them restor'd at their going away ; this Caution may be necessary, for twou'd be no difficult matter, for half a Dozen Brisk fellows to roll the Garrison down the Hill. At the bottom of this, stands that Celebrated Place, well known to the *English* Sailors, by the Name of *Mount-Whoredom*, and it well deserves such an Epithite ; for there is not such another spot of Ground in *Europe*, for all manner of Pollutions. Lower down, lies *Malaga*, and *Velez Malaga*, the first ( not to mention the History ) is a Town of great Traffick for Almonds, Raisins, and the Wines of that Name : 'Tis a Rich, Populous, and Strong Place, full of all Nations, but especially of *English*, whose Merchandize is its chief Reputation : The latter is still Famous, for being in the Neighbourhood of those Hills, where there is a small remnant of the old *Moors*, who still speak the Arabick Language, from those hills may be seen the whole course of the *Straits of Gibraltar*, the Cities of *Centa* and *Tangier* in *Africk*. Next we come to *Gibraltar*, formerly *Heracela*, Built by *Hercules*, at the very entrance

entrance into the *Mediterranean*, a small Town, but very Strong, of little or no Commerce; the *English* Consul here being in Deputation from him of *Malaga*: Here the Sea is so narrow, that 'tis a common thing for the *Moors* from *Africk*, to cross and Land in the Night, and carry away whole Villages into Slavery. On the point of the *Calpe*, one of the Fabulous Pillars of *Hercules*, stands a little Chappel, sacred to all Catholicks who sail by, who alwaies Salute it with their Guns, because it is the most Westerly in *Europe*.

I'll Close this Letter with acquainting you, That after a Pleasant Voyage, we arriv'd at *Cales*, where we were Welcom'd after a more grateful manner than ever, and where nothing was to be heard, but Universal applause of the General, for the whole Series of this Summers Expedition; Health and long Life to him, and Prosperity to the Arms of *England*, remaining, in the Sincereft manner,

Your most Devoted  
Friend and Servant, R. —

Cádiz, September  
18th. 95.

## LETTER V.

*My Dear Brunett,*

THE Winter being again our long Vacation, I began to indulge myself in all the Pleasures so much leisure might afford me. The first undertaking I had, was to Ride to St. *Lucar*, in company with my old Friend, the *French Merchant*, who had an acquaintance in that place: But before I wou'd undertake my Journey, I wou'd make my Comrade promise, to Club for a Calash, having had enough of their Pack-saddles, and *Mules*, in my ramble to *Xeres*: I found no difficulty in perswading him, I found much more to prevail with him, to let me bear half the Charge, in which I wou'd not be deny'd. I had not rid one of the 4 Leagues, we were to goe, but the dam'd Calash was so uneasy, that I cou'd not chuse but think of the death of being broken on the Wheel: Certainly next to the Wheel, there is no Rack on Earth, like this sort of Carriages; but tho' our Calash was the Devil, our Mules were swift, which



which in an Hour and a half, ran us to St. *Lucar*, which was four long Leagues, and the end of our Stage.

St. *Lucar* was the *Templum Luciferi* of the Ancients, from the Temple of *Venus* which stood there, that Star being sometimes called *Lucifer*, and of later years very famous for being the Port belonging to *Sevil*, where that Wonder of Cities, loaded and unloaded all her Bullion which came to her from *America*. But since *Cales* has got the Ascendant of *Sevil* in her Trade, she is mightily decay'd, and consequently this Town, which sits upon the Channel that goes up to't, is proportionably lessen'd: Not that 'tis now poor, or ill built, but as formerly she was so large, that she contended for the place of the Second City in *Andaluzia*, so we now wonder there shou'd be so little to shew for all that Boast which she made in the fulness of her Glory. It is still a good Town, and has daily Intercourse with *Cales* and *Sevil* by its *Barco Largo's*, which pass every Tide between the two great Cities, and is indifferently supported by this Second-hand Trade: The Governour has a stately House scituate on a Hill, almost inaccessible, that looks

all over the Town, the River, and the Country, almost as high as *Sevil*. Here are but few Monasteries, but those very well built, and richly endow'd : Among 'em is a little College, erected for the English Refugees, and dedicated to *St. George*. The Foundation of this College, is just as Ancient as what the English call the Reformation; that is, as their Apostacy from the Catholick Church, and was laid for the Reception of those persecuted Catholicks, who fled for their Religion in the Reign of that Scourge of the Catholick Faith, Queen *Elizabeth*.

At this time there were but three Fathers in't, but they live the better for their being so few, having all the Revenues in their own disposal. We saw but little here to please our Curiosity, unless you'll esteem this one, that tho' the Fathers were Englishmen, born and bred in *England*, yet by so long a disuse of their own Language, they had almost forgot to speak it; and when I wou'd have talk'd to 'em in their own Tongue, they answer'd in *Spanish*, and were not to be got out of that Language into their own. In my many Conversations with these Religious, I had

had more than once met with such an Adventure before; particularly after I had seen the *Carthusian* Monastery at *Xeres*, I went into the Town to visit an English Nun, who had been much fam'd for her Beauty: She indeed deserv'd that Character which was given her, for I never saw any thing more Charming. Her Name was *Philippa Ward*, Daughter to an eminent Merchant of that Name, who liv'd at *Puerto de sancta Maria*, and in her Infancy had put this Girl into this Convent: When I found this fair Creature so agreeable, I devoted to her all my spare hours, while I remain'd in that Town, and at other times, when I cou'd be spar'd from my Attendance on Ship-board.

I found her in every respect so Charming, that it was a Violence to take my self from her: And to this very day, I feel such a tenderness for her that I never think of her without Pleasure. This Beautiful Maid had in her first prattling days, learnt the English Tongue perfectly well; her Father's Family had generally *English* Servants in't, and while she was at home it was impossible for her to forget the Language of her



Parents, but she no sooner went into the *Nunnery*, and associated with those of another Tongue, but she left off her own, and in some Years after, so intirely forgot it, that when I went to see her, she hardly knew how to pronounce her own Name after the *English* Accent. And now I have mention'd this poor Creature, suffer me to digress a little, to ease my spleen of those resentments, which every generous Man ought to have against the usage commonly practis'd in the dedication of these young Women to Monastick lives.

If a family be over loaded with Children beyond the Father's Capacity of preferring, the youngest are Sacrific'd to Cloysters, at an age wherein they are not able to understand what they are to undergoe. This Lady was a deplorable instance of that sort of Cruelty: Her Father dy'd when she was young, and there being other Children elder than she, the Estate was divided among them, and but a Competency for this to introduce her into the Monastery, with some inconsiderable allowance for her Life, intrusted in the hands of her Uncle, her Father's Brother, who as she told me her self, lives now in *London*; but the

the Condition of the Will ran thus, That if she shou'd survive her Brothers and Sisters, that then all their several Fortunes to descend upon her, and this Uncle to take it into his hands, and to see it paid: When she first was put into the *Nunnery*, she was but 5 Years of age, in her 6th her Father dy'd; and before she was 12, she was the only Survivor of of all his Family: She now having a Title to the whole, apply'd her self to her Uncle for her ample fortune; but soon as the rest were Dead, he seiz'd all into his own hands, and came away into *England*, and 'twas in vain to require the performance of her Father's Will, from one whose temper was not to do her Justice. In short, he cajol'd the Abbess with bribes, to wheedle the unhappy Girl to remain in the Convent, and while the Abbess on one side was enchanting her with Stories of that blessed kind of Life, the Uncle on the other side, trifled her out of her hopes of her due; so that at length, when it was propos'd if she wou'd profess for good and all, she seeing no likelihood of receiving her Fortune, took the habit, and devoted her self forever to the *Monastery*. After this, it was impossible to think of getting out, and he being now secure  
that

that she wou'd never trouble him more, enjoy'd her Estate, and lives upon't to this day. To such an extreimity was she at last reduc'd, that even her small annuity was stopt, and she liv'd with no other subsistence but that of the House, and about 4 *l.* Sterling Yearly, allow'd her by one *Malbrank* a charitable *English* Merchant in *Cales*. In this Condition she was when I came acquainted with her, and when she told me this Melancholy Story, I cou'd not chuse but suffer with her in her misfortunes. So great was my concern for her, that tho' I knew the danger of taking her out of the Convent, yet a Thousand times I importun'd her to trust her self with me, and I wou'd have run the hazard of my Life for her deliverance, if she wou'd have consented, but 'twas too bold an undertaking for her, and all my prayers were lost.

I expect it will here be objected, that no body is compell'd to take the habit: but when the time of profession is appointed, the Person who is to profess, is at liberty to stay or goe; but of how little advantage is this liberty, when the poor Victims have been spoil'd of their Fortunes, and Nurs'd up in a superstitious Faith of the Sanctity of a Religious Life,  
which



which wants no allurements to make it grateful during the time of the Noviciate? Not but that I know several who have, after a long abode in a *Nunnery*, releas'd 'emselves again, particularly a *Dutch Woman* in *Cales*, who liv'd 45 Years there, came out and was marry'd. But these are such who have no Estates to Tempt their covetous Guardians to keep 'em in, and are of so little account, that the matter was not much what became of 'em. Thus far I have digrest — but to return to my company——

From *St. Lucar*, I was perswaded to take a tour to *Sevil*, the chief City, not only of this Province, but of all the Kingdom, for Beauty, buildings and antiquity. And here I found Entertainment for my Eyes, and every Sence I had; for in all my life I never saw any thing pleas'd me more. *Paris*, *Lyons*, and *Roan*, and 20 such places, afford not such variety of wonders. Not but that I had heard and Read much of its Fame, which did in some measure prepare me for what I was to expect, but I found it all infinitely short of the Truth, as much as they, who drawn by the great Report of our Kings Palace at *Versailes*, find it so prodigiously surpassing their expectation: As 'twill be impossible to give you particular descriptions of every thing I saw, so I am prevented by several Books which are publisht of it, to which I referr you. I shall only in gross, acquaint you, that for the Elegancy of the publick and private Structures, the strength and beauty of its Walls, the number and opulence of its Monasteries, the prodigious revenues of their Endowments, and the

the Pompous Furniture within 'em, its extent and spacious streets, its Antiquity and Reputation for the *Moorish* Wars, and other innumerable excellencies, there is not within the whole Compass of the Globe a finer City. I cou'd not for a whole week be drawn from this pleasant contemplation, tho' my friend, who had less Curiosity than I, importun'd me every morning to be gone: But after I had remain'd here 7 days, I took my leave with as much reluctance as I shou'd have done with a Mistress I had been so many years courting for her company, and was that moment to leave her forever.

Our next design was to return to *Cales*, but because I had been twice jaded on Land, first by their *Mules*, and now by their *Calashes*, I was resolv'd, ill as I lov'd the Water, (for I never had a disposition for't but for my Curiosity) to trust that Element with my Body; so hiring Places in a *Barco-longo*, we ship'd in the Morning, and rouled down the stream with Pleasure enough, till we came to St. *Lucar*, and there we entered on the Ocean again. These *Barco-longo's* (if you'll pardon the ill Grammar) are excellent Sailers, and will lye nearer the Wind by two Points than any of our Ships. They are extremely sharp before and behind, and that makes 'em fly when they are before the Wind, but when they come to be close halled, then are leewardly, and make but little way.

There are several dangerous Rocks between St. *Lucar* and *Cales*, and tho' the Pilots of these Boats are dextrous in avoiding 'em, yet for want of a fair Wind, they are sometimes

times put to their shifts; and when they attempt, as sometimes they do, to go to windward of 'em, they hazard by their obstinacy their own, and the lives of their passengers. It far'd just so with us, for the Wind taking us short, just as we were abreast of *Rota*, where there runs a great Sea, our Pilot thought to weather the Rock, but was forc't in all haste, to bear away and go to leeward of it. This was the devil again I thought, and now I was ready to Conclude there was no safety in travelling this Country, neither by Land nor Water, and to aggravate my ill Humour, just as we enter'd the Bay, we were again beset with another Rock, call'd the *Diamond*, which we had much ado to shun. But at last the danger was past, and we got safe in to my great Satisfaction, who was heartily vext to think of being drown'd in a Bay, who had tempted the Main in so many Voyages.

I shall not trouble you with any thing that past this winter, having met with no adventure worth relating, only such as Regarded the Church, which I am a little tender of repeating, and wish with all my heart, I had no occasion giv'n me of being Scandaliz'd at 'em. But I hope it will be no offence to say, that really the present Clergy are exceedingly corrupted, and that the artifices, with which they delude the ignorant multitude are the highest reproach that any Communion can sustain. Among many more, give me leave to name one, which is one of the most reigning scandals in our Churches, and that is, the protection they give to every Rakehell and Villain, from the punishment of his Crimes. What



a defamation is it to the *Altars* of the holy Catholick Church, to defend Murderers and Assassins? And yet nothing is more frequent all over the *Roman* Christendom, especially in *Spain*, *Portugal*, and *Italy*. In *France*, tho' our Churches have the same Sacredness, yet we allow no shelter but in cases of great Oppression; for there Justice can force its execution, and this indulgence is not granted to Wretches, who for their evil deeds stand forfeited to the Civil Power. I cou'd tell you surprizing stories of the Transactions of the inquisition, which come to the purpose I am speaking of, but 'tis a dangerous topick, and I shall forbear meddling with it. But that this evil is notoriously Eminent in *Spain*, let this story inform you, which is directly true, and told me by one who was an Eye Witness. The *Calla Nueva* of *Cales* (as I told you) is the Exchange, where the Merchants meet in the Morning to Negotiate their affairs; this street at that time is extreemly crouded, and was so, when a Boy pressing very rudely thro' the Croud, happen'd to tread on a Gentleman's Toes, the Gentleman being hurt, turn'd round, and seeing the boy, who stood staring at him as if he dar'd his anger, hit him over the Face, and put him away. The lad taking this for an affront, went away murmuring, and presently after came back with a Stiletto, and finding the Gentleman still there, got behind him, and with his Dagger Stab'd him into the Reins, and at that one stroak laid him flat: His fall drew the Eyes of all the Exchange that way, and when they saw the boy with his Stiletto bloody yet in his hand, every body

body was inquisitive to know the cause of such an accident, the Gentleman's company knew how he had struck the Boy, and now they had seen him Revenge the affront, they as well as the rest open'd a way thro' the Croud, and made a lane for the young Murderer to escape to the next Convent, which he immediately did, and was there protected by the Fryers, till some account cou'd be giv'n of the Wound. The Gentleman in three daies dyed, and still the Boy remain'd in his Sanctuary, and was afterwards made a Servant to the Convent, and lives there to this day, unpunish't and unexamin'd. Now what can be more derogatory to the Sanctity of our Religion than thus to protect such impieties? Believe me, my friend, it gives great occasion of reproach for the Enemies of our Faith to lay upon us, and I can't well blame 'em for speaking truth.

The Winter being now far advanc't without any memorable adventure, the General was called home, and another order'd to receive him. He Sayl'd for *England* with the greatest part of his Fleet, and a Numerous Convoy of Merchants, and I still remain'd on board the same Ship I was first imbark't in. I can give you no further account of what the *English* did in those Seas, but that afterwards heard, they did all they cou'd to waylay the *Toulon* Fleet which were now on their Voyage to *Brest*, but that they miscarry'd in their designs, and the Renowned *Tourville* brought home in safety to the great disappointment and disgrace of his Enemies.

When I came to *England* I was discharg'd  
with

with the rest of the Ship's Company, and my Mary and my Liberty, and further  
 assurance is that I understand, especially  
 if I have contributed to your Diversion, and  
 acquitted my self of all things you had up-  
 on me according to the desire I had of pleas-  
 ing you, which is the Summ of all my wishes  
 and Happiness. Adieu: This 15th Nov 1741

UNIVERSITY  
LIBRARY  
CAMBRIDGE



